

Femboys Are Ruining My Life

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Femboys Are Ruining My Life

by [Organi](#)

Summary

George likes hands and Dream likes boys in skirts.

the pinterest board is :

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George

I lived alone in a tiny flat. It had four walls, one bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen, and zero space for anything else. There was a tiny bit of room for a couch in the open area between my bedroom and the kitchen, but I used it for my stream set up instead, so there was truly nowhere for me to call a ‘living room.’

Outside, the wind was causing the loose shutters to slap against my window every now and again, causing me to jump. *I need to get that fixed*, I thought, knowing well I wouldn’t remember after the storm passed. I watched as the sky turned dark and the clouds grew dense, preparing to send their hell down to where I lived. *Another day in rainy Brighton, London.*

I was supposed to stream an hour ago with Sapnap, Karl, Dream and Quackity but the power for my building had gone out, so I had to cancel. And now I sat on my bed, staring out my rain spotted window and hoping for the lights to come back on.

*Snapchat message from **Dreammy***

I ran my hand through my hair and swiped on the message.

“*Power still out?*” He wrote.

“*Yeah, it looks like my whole street’s out, too. I’m not sure I’ll get my elec back on tonight :(*” I watched his Bitmoji pop up as I hit send, waiting for him to type.

“*Do you want some company?*” My stomach tugged at itself and I fought back the smile crawling its way onto my face.

“*Sure :)*” I hit send, my phone starting to ring immediately. I had the Discord app on my phone, serving as a ‘Factime’ since I was overseas from him. He, of course, had his camera off and just began with a simple:

“Hello, George.” His voice matched the low rumble outside my flat.

“Hi,” I replied quietly, setting the phone down on my bed. There was no use in holding it up to my face since there was no light. “How was the stream?”

“Pretty great, Jackbox games are always the most fun; it would’ve been better if you were there, though.” I felt my face heat up. Dream and I would always joke around like this, and I would always have the same flustered reaction. My body just couldn’t handle being complimented.

“Okay,” I laughed softly, “whatever.” I rolled my eyes and heard him laugh on the other line.

“You don’t believe me?”

“Not really, no.” I replied. “You’re just too much for me, Dream.”

“Oh, am I?” Dream’s voice was thick like honey, and just as sweet. “You should believe me, I always have more fun when you’re around. I like when you are on call.” My entire body felt like it

was engulfed in flames. *Again with the blushing? Really?*

“Oh my gosh, Dream.” I scoffed, causing him to wheeze lightly. *I like his laugh*, I thought absentmindedly as I reached for my phone. “I’m going to tell everyone you’re making me embarrassed if you don’t stop.”

“Do you want me to stop?” He asked, his voice a blend between seriousness and that teasing tone I’d grown to know and love. I bit my tongue.

“No.” I laughed, shaking my head. Despite all his idiocy and joking around, Dream knew when to stop and could tell when I was serious. And he always made sure I was okay with what he was saying before joking about anything; that’s why he continuously messes with me the way he does. Because I’ve given the green light that I’m okay with it. And I respect him endlessly for checking in with my boundaries before pushing too hard.

“I know you too well, George.” Dream told me. “And I know that you *love* the way I joke with you, hmm?”

“You are so full of it, Dream, oh my God!” I laughed. He was right--he was so, so right. But I would *never* admit that to him. Dream was my best friend, and I would never--I *could* never admit that I enjoyed his attention in the way that I did.

“Come on, Georgie, you’re gonna tell me you don’t like it? Not even the *tiniest* bit?” He pressed. I was not going to give in.

I wasn’t out yet. I hadn’t told anyone--not even my family--that I was gay. It wasn’t like it was a big secret I was hiding, but I just hadn’t gotten around to it. And I didn’t feel like making a spectacle out of something that wasn’t any else’s business but my own. I kind of just figured that one day I’d bring home some guy and introduce him as my boyfriend and that would be that, but as it is, I’d yet to get that far. I’d been with plenty of guys, sure. Safely, of course, but I still hadn’t found someone that I really *clicked* with.

“Ohh, so the silent treatment?” Dream hummed.

“What? Sorry, I was thinking.” I laughed nervously.

“What’s on your mind?”

“Um,” I wracked my brain, trying to come up with something, “nothing much. I just don’t really like the storms, so I was thinking of all the ways that I could die in a thunderstorm; lightning could strike the rafters outside and short circuit something and start a fire, or my flat could flood and I would drown, or--”

“That’s morbid, George, oh my God!” Dream laughed. “Why don’t we just talk, and keep your mind off of it, hmm?”

“Yeah, yeah.” I grumbled.

“That means no more silent treatment.” He added. “What’s your, hmm, favorite color?”

“Dream,” I deadpanned, “I am literally colourblind.”

“But, like, if you had to pick. Remember when you wore the glasses--just choose, oh my gosh you’re so annoying sometimes.” Dream scoffed. I thought deeply.

“Blue.” I shrugged. “Probably the lighter shades, though, because they’re pretty.”

“Pretty? Didn’t know you had such an extensive vocabulary, George.” Dream teased.

“Wha--why are you so picky? Whatever. What’s yours?” I rolled my eyes.

“Green, obviously.” He replied in a ‘duh’ tone. “And since you’ve seen it, I’m sure that you can understand why. Green--specifically lime green--is the superior color.”

“Gross.” I shook my head. “You can’t see me, because I have no lights, but I’m pretending to throw up.”

“That’s because you’re an ass.” I could hear the smile in Dream’s voice, despite his vulgar words.

“Why’re you talking about my arse, Dream?” I asked suggestively.

“You wanna know why, George?” He replied back, matching my energy. “It’s because you have a great ass.”

“Sadly for you, you don’t even know what my arse looks like.” I sighed dramatically. “And this must suck to know, because I really do have a great arse.”

“Show me, then.” Dream’s voice was clear. I wasn’t sure if I’d heard it correctly or not, though. Did he just say *show me*? “I think you’re bluffing, George.” I was thankful for my lights being out, because the blush that covered my face was unmatched.

“I-I’m not bluffing.” I stammered. “I just didn’t take you for an arse pic kind of guy.”

“I’m usually not,” Dream said quickly, but I could hear the smirk in his voice, “but I’d like to prove you wrong. For science.” I guess I was silent for one beat too long, because Dream added, “I’m just messing with you, Georgie.” I laughed.

“I know,” I scratched the back of my neck nervously. *He seemed so serious, I was almost convinced...* “Believe it or not I can take a joke, Dream.”

“You were just so quiet, you had me thinking you were actually taking a picture for me.” Dream replied, making my face break out into a smile as I scoffed.

“As if--my arse will never grace the screen of your phone, Dream.” I told him.

“But a man can dream, hmm?” He joked. I laughed along with him. *Yeah, a man can dream*, I thought. I knew it was bad to have a crush on your best friend. Especially when your best friend was straight, or at least didn’t reciprocate your feelings. All this ‘flirting’ we did, it was just for fun. It’s just his personality; I’ve seen him interact with everyone this way, so I know it isn’t just a *me* thing. But a man can dream. “Are you still there?”

“What?”

“You got super quiet--I thought maybe you’d hung up, or passed out or something. Tubbo passed out on Ranboo’s stream not too long ago, so I know it’s possible if you’re overworking yourself.” Dream’s voice was no longer his teasing tone, rather a more gentle and caring one that I loved to hear. He only used it when it was just him and I, usually when I’d call him crying about something that had happened or if I was frustrated and just needed to vent. Dream was a good friend.

“No, um, I’m good.” I smiled, knowing that he was listening carefully and could definitely hear my

smile. "I was just thinking, sorry."

"You keep saying you were thinking--what is going on up there?" He asked. I could tell he was still worried, but his voice was less concerned now.

"Just *things*." I mused. I couldn't tell him that I was thinking about the different ways he talked and how they made me feel, or how his laughter made my heart light. And most of all, I definitely couldn't tell him how anytime he said anything remotely sexual to me I got extremely flustered, which *never* happens. "What's going on in yours?"

"In my head?" He laughed. "I'm thinking, *wow George is such a weirdo. Why is he not talking to me and why is being so quiet today?*" I sighed.

"I'm sorry,"

"Don't apologize, just tell me what's up." Dream laughed again. I was gonna do it. I should just tell him, right?

"Okay, um," I began, grabbing my phone nervously, "well, Dream I like--" I paused. *I can't*. "I'm gay." There was a long pause.

"Oh." *Oh my God*. "Okay, cool. Is that it?" *No, not even close*.

"Yeah," I sighed, "that's it."

"I-I'm glad you told me, George." Dream's voice sounded sincere. "You know--I would never, um, judge you. And if you thought that I would--"

"No! It wasn't that." I said quickly, my heart beating at a million miles per minute. "I haven't told anyone. Not even my parents. So, yeah."

"Oh, so, I'm the first person to know?" Dream sounded *happy* but shocked. *I didn't even mean to tell you, but yeah, you're the first*.

"Yeah."

"George," Dream whispered, "I'm really glad you told me."

"Me too." I replied. *That was a lie, I was so scared*. "Um, I should probably go to bed. It's pretty late."

"George, you can talk to me, you know that?" Dream said sternly. It surprised me. Even when I would call him upset, we'd never really get this *deep*. "You're my best friend, and I don't want you to ever feel like you can't come to me. Okay?"

"Okay." I whispered back.

"Goodnight, George."

"Goodnight, Dream." I hit the end call button, throwing my head back against the pillows. I couldn't believe I did that. "Fuck!" I yelled. How could I do this to myself? I wasn't ready? I wasn't even out to my *parents*? What were they going to say when I tell them I told Dream first? Oh God. What if Dream asks how I know I'm gay and I have to explain the things I've done? I clenched my eyes shut. This couldn't be happening. *How could I be so stupid?*

--

His fingers trailed along my jaw, brushing against my skin oh-so-lightly. It took everything in me to not say a word.

“George,” his familiar voice crooned, calling me closer to him. I knew that I wanted it--that I wanted him. His long fingers found their way up my face, sweeping across my lips gently. A tingle ran through my body, making me shudder. He knew what he was doing. “Open your pretty mouth, George.” I parted my lips, letting his fingertips snake their way into my mouth. I couldn’t see his face, still, as he pushed his fingers further into my mouth. “Go on, suck on them.” I closed my lips around his two fingers, sucking slowly while trying to find his face. Where was it? He pulled his fingers out, my saliva spreading across my lips.

“Dream?” I whispered, still searching for him. “Where’s your face?”

“What?”

“I can’t see you.” I replied, reaching out with my hand. He grabbed my wrist, squeezing tightly. I watched as his large hand overpowered my small wrist easily, pinning it to the bed underneath me. “Dream,” I whispered, my voice coming out in more of a sexual way than I intended. I was moaning.

“Shh,” Dream’s voice echoed all around me; I could feel his breath close to my ear. His other hand touched the skin on my neck gently. “Do you want it?”

“Dream,” I moaned again. His fingertips began to press on either side of my neck, causing a wave of heat and pressure to rush to my head. I gasped. “More.” His grip around my neck tightened, squeezing until I felt like I couldn’t breathe. “Dream!”

“Dream!” I moaned his name, sitting up in my bed. My room felt like a furnace; my skin was coated in a thin layer of sweat, my shirt clinging to my chest and my boxers sticking to my thighs. I pulled the blankets off of me, wincing at the painful heat on beneath my wet boxers and walked over to the heater, turning it off. I guess the electricity turned back on, I thought angrily. I laid back in bed, pulling my shirt off and tossing it to the floor. What was that dream? I’d never had one like it--it felt so real and lifelike, I could’ve sworn it was actually happening. I exhaled shakily, stretching my arm down and putting my hand into my boxers. I was leaking precum already, soaking through the thin fabric.

I began to stroke myself slowly, trying to imagine one of my old flings touching me up. But it was no good, the image was too far gone and I couldn’t get a clear picture. An image of a faceless man flashed across my mind and I shook my head, my hand stuttering its pace. I can’t do that, I thought, embarrassed enough as it was, he’s my best friend. I picked up the pace again, the memory of his hand choking me coming back. I instinctively touched my throat with my free hand, wishing I had someone here.

“Fuck,” I groaned. My hands were smaller than any of the other men I’d been with, so I could wrap it around my throat as well as they could. Using my middle finger and thumb, I pushed on either side of my neck and moaned at the pressure rising to my head. I was getting close now, all I had to do was focus.

“Open your pretty little mouth, George.”

I could hear his voice echoing in my mind as I reached my climax. I pushed harder, my other fingers closing down and around my neck as best as they could. Heat washed down to my erection as I gripped harder, and I thrust my hips into my hand with a whine.. “Fuck, fuck--nngh!” I

squeezed my hand around my neck harder, my toes curling as I came down from the orgasm high. But after, all I felt was guilt. *I just came to the thought of my best friend*, I walked to my bathroom, wiping myself clean and staring at my face in the mirror. I was flushed pink and-- “Jesus!” I got closer to the mirror, examining my neck. I had three light purple bruises forming on my neck--two on the left and one on the right--from where my main fingers had been gripping. I walked back out, grabbing my phone to check the time-- 11:43 a.m. With a groan, I walked into the kitchen and grabbed some ice from the fridge. I put it on my bruises and sat on my bed, checking my messages.

Snapchat message from Dreamyy

“We’re gonna play Manhunt at 12 pm our time--6 pm yours, you wanna join?”

I typed a response,

“Sure.”

I felt like it was too plain, or that Dream might think I was upset, but his bitmoji had already popped up so I had to hit send. We both sat in chat for a second, neither one of us saying anything before his contact filled my entire screen. *Why is he calling me?* I jumped and stared at it worriedly. I hit the accept button hesitantly.

“George, what was that for?” His voice immediately came over the speakers. *I knew he would read into it too much. He always does this--* “George--hello?”

“Hello, sorry, I was thinking.” I mumbled.

“Are you mad at me?”

“No, I’m not mad, I promise.” I bit back a laugh. *He sounded kind of cute--nope, I cannot call my best friend cute. Especially not after last night’s dream of him.*

“Okay. I was just making sure, because that ‘sure’ seemed kind of short and angry.” Dream explained his reasoning. *I called it.*

“I didn’t mean it like that.” I replied. “I had a weird night, and just woke up.”

“Oh?” Dream sounded confused and I mentally cursed myself. *No. Stop yourself now.* “What happened? Did Georgie have a nightmare--oh. Did you piss the bed?”

“No, I didn’t piss the bed, Dream.” I laughed. “I just had a weird dream, that’s all.”

“Care to elaborate, or am I going to have to pry it out?” He poked.

“I cannot elaborate, and you will not pry it out because I already forgot about it--I just remember it being weird.” I lied. *Good lie*, I convinced myself.

“Hmm, okay, whatever you tell yourself.” Dream scoffed. “Hey, I’ll call you later--Drista keeps trying to call me and I’ve been declining for like five minutes--”

“Oh my God, Dream. Answer your sister, I’ll talk to you later.” I hung up on him and exhaled shakily. The ice had melted, the collar of my shirt wet with its remnants, which was a bit annoying. But on the bright side, the coloring of the bruising had gone down significantly. I walked over to my desk and began my day like usual. Answering emails--lots of them--and scheduling a few event streams for next month. Then I got started on some coding for the SMP, which was fun but it was work. As much as I enjoyed it, I knew that it was a job now, and so it became more and more

daunting to actually complete things the way I wanted to complete them. “Come on--” I groaned, leaning back in my chair. I’d messed up again. This one line of code was proving to be exponentially more difficult than I’d thought it to be; everything else that I’d coded this morning had been relatively easy, but now I was starting to wear out and get tired of work. I checked the time. 5:45 p.m. “Dammit!” I marked my stopping point and quickly went to change into a different shirt and set up my desk for a stream. I hopped on Discord, joining Dream and Sapnap mid-conversation.

“You’re so fucking stupid.” Sapnap scoffed.

“No, I’m literally right. You just don’t know what you’re talking about--like usual, might I add.” Dream replied smoothly. I laughed and both boys cheered my name simultaneously. “George, help us settle this debate: Does a straw have one hole or two?”

“One.” I replied, taking a sip of my water as I got situated.

“I told you you!” Sapnap shouted.

“George--it literally has two holes! Are you--can you not see, or something?”

“Does a doughnut have two holes?” I questioned. Dream went quiet. “What about a pool floaty? Or a bagel?”

“Okay, I get it.” Dream mumbled. “But a straw--”

“No.” I cut him off. Dream sighed as Sapnap erupted in laughter. “One hole.”

“Yeah, that’s right! George and Sapnap--the ultimate duo!” Sapnap screamed. I rolled my eyes and opened Minecraft.

“Whatever. You guys are stupid. Let’s start.” Dream mumbled. I laughed.

I loved to play with Sapnap and Dream. We always had fun--probably too much fun--and produced great content. I knew that today would be no different, but I couldn’t keep my mind from wandering. Last night’s dream of Dream--ironic, right--left me feeling guilty. He’s my best friend. And not just that, but I had used the thought of him to pleasure myself. It made me feel *dirty*. I also couldn’t stop thinking about the way his voice sounded over Discord--it sounded just like it did in my dream. It was near intoxicating. Especially when we’d get in combat and he’d yell my name, or accidentally let an expletive slip from his lips. I knew that he’d edit it out later, but it made me even more *warm* to know that only I would hear him say it.

“Oh, George!” His voice shook me from my thoughts. I looked around the map frantically. Sapnap was trying to find him in the End while I was supposed to be mining in the overworld. I’d, obviously, got distracted and ended up somewhere else. “Why are you just standing there?” Thank god for proximity chat, or else Sapnap would have yelled at me for doing absolutely nothing.

“Shit,” I groaned, “I was thinking.”

“Again? That has to hurt your tiny brain.” Dream joked. I rolled my eyes. “I’m gonna kill you now.”

“Wh--I’m going to kill you!” I scoffed. I looked around for him. Nowhere. And then I saw the spirals--invisibility potion. I quickly smacked him and he wheezed.

“Wow, you actually caught on!” We began to par and I hit him one last time, his inventory splaying

everywhere. I killed him.

“Yes!” I screamed.

“No!” Dream shouted at the same time. I was at a half heart, almost dead, and I won. Sapnap’s voice came over my headphones, screaming ‘victory.’ “George--I thought you loved me!”

“I don’t.” I said, a little too quickly, the gay panic evident in my voice. *Fuck*. “I-I just like you for your money.” Sapnap laughed and Dream even chuckled a little. *Good recovery*. We played a few more rounds, making sure to get enough content for Dream to make a video out of, before closing Minecraft. Now we sat in the Discord chat, just talking like we normally did after a game, with me staring at Dream’s blank screen.

“Wait a minute--” Sapnap gasped, leaning into his camera. I laughed a bit. “George, oh my fu--who were you with last night?”

“What?” I laughed, shaking my head.

“I literally see the hickeys on your neck--Dream look! George got laid last night!” Sapnap squealed like an excited child. “How was she--was it *dirty*?” *The bruises*. I stared blankly at the screen, trying to see if they could actually see them. They most definitely could.

“George, care to elaborate?” Dream picked his words carefully, referring to our phone conversation this morning. I pursed my lips and sighed.

“No, I do not.” I replied smoothly. Sapnap laughed.

“Oh my god--I can’t believe you let someone give you hickeys.” Sapnap was getting too much enjoyment out of this.

“Sapnap, you literally haven’t got laid since you were fifteen, shut the hell up.” Dream scoffed. I bit my lip to hide my laughter. Sapnap’s grin faltered.

“Okay, bye.” Sapnap hung up. I couldn’t tell if he was actually hurt, or if he left for effect. Either way, it was effective. I exhaled.

“Thanks,” I fumbled with my sleeve anxiously.

“Yeah.” Dream replied. “So, who were you with? Were you, um, safe?” I could tell he was trying to be there for me, but it just felt *weird*. Maybe because I didn’t want to come out just yet, or maybe because I felt a certain way about him.

“I, um, wasn’t with someone last night.” I told him hurriedly. I didn’t want Dream to think I slept around, even though I often did. I was safe, and I was clean, but I didn’t want him to have that thought of me regardless.

“Oh. Are they, um, old?”

“No.” I mumbled, feeling my face heat up. “They’re just bruises, not hickeys.”

“Wait--did someone hurt you? George, if you were hurt, you could’ve just said--”

“No, oh my God,” I covered my face. “I choked myself.” I blushed furiously, hiding behind my hands. Dream was dead silent on the other line. There was no motion on his side, it was like he had frozen.

“Why?”

“Why what?” I groaned in embarrassment. This was so *cringe*.

“Why did you choke yourself, George? That’s so dangerous.” Dream replied cautiously.

“Because I was trying to get off, oh my God, can we not talk about this, please?” I whispered. He went silent again. There was a sharp intake of breath before he spoke.

“You got off to choking yourself?”

“Oh my--Dream, please.” I was begging at this point. I was beyond embarrassed. “I really--I don’t--”

“I’m just asking, George.” I could hear the smirk in his voice, which made me even more shameful. He was laughing at me. *This is mortifying*.

“Ask anything else--literally, anything else.” I clenched my eyes shut.

“What were you thinking of when you came?” I choked on my spit, my hands dropping from my face. He laughed and I turned even more red. “You said--”

“I’ve got to go.” I hit the end call button and scooted away from my desk. *Oh my--Dream just asked me that*. I walked over to the kitchen and refilled my cup, chugging as much water as I could, trying to cool myself off. I was a ball of heat--my insides felt like lava. I could hear my phone going off simultaneously with my computer--Dream was trying to call me on Discord. I watched as the notification went away. I couldn’t answer. An hour went by. Everytime I thought I had gotten over it, the wave of embarrassment washed over me again when I remembered Dream asking if I got off to choking myself, and then him asking what I thought of when I came. It was absolutely *humiliating*. I laid on my bed, staring at the ceiling. And the worst part was, he didn’t think anything of it. He just thought we were playing around.

Chapter End Notes

the pinterest board for this may change over time but here it is :]

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream

“Dammit!” I shouted as my call fell through for the fourth time. My stomach was in knots. I went too far. *I knew it.* I stood up, walking from my desk over to my window. The Florida sun was starting to set, making my tiny apartment glow orange. It was usually beautiful and serene, but right now it just reminded me that so much time had passed since I upset George. I grabbed my phone and tapped his contact. It was only 11 p.m. there, so I knew he wasn’t asleep yet. I waited for him to answer. No response. My head was spinning.

“You got off to choking yourself?” I asked, gulping. I stared at his video as he tried to hide his blush. He was so embarrassed, it made my chest feel tight, but in a good way.

“Oh my--Dream, please.” He begged, his voice cracking in the middle. I could feel the blood drain from my face. Oh no, no, no. I looked down at my pants as the blood pooled at my crotch, warming up my dick. “I really--I don’t--”

“I’m just asking, George.” Although I felt like jelly, my voice came out steady and confident.

“Ask anything else--literally, anything else.” George replied, still hiding behind his slender hands. I bit my lip, staring at my screen.

“What were you thinking when you came?” I asked him, my voice dropping to a low whisper. George’s hands lowered from his face, giving me a glimpse at the pink flushed skin I’d been waiting to see. His brown eyes were widened, and his mouth was parted slightly in a shocked expression. “You said--”

“I’ve got to go.” He hung up and I flinched. No. I tried to call him back.

I texted him.

“Please, call me, George. I’m sorry.”

“I was just messing around.”

“George, please.”

My phone began to buzz. His contact filled my screen. I quickly hit the accept button.

“George--”

“Dream, it’s okay, you don’t need to apologize anymore, let’s just drop it, okay?” George’s voice came out softly. I stayed silent. I wanted to tell him I was sorry again, because I really was. But for different reasons than he thought. I thought that it would be okay--but...

“Okay.” I whispered. We were both quiet. What else could I say? My eyes glanced down at my pants, which held back my half-hard on from earlier. It was shameful to say that my best friend gave me a boner while begging me to leave him alone. *Why did that turn you on?* My brain and body were not on the same page about what I was wanting. I didn’t like guys. At least, I didn’t

think so--not that it would be a big deal, it just wasn't something I'd ever really thought about. But after the VC and seeing George get all flustered and talk about *choking* himself? It made my entire body go numb. I didn't know if it was just because it was George--maybe it was because we'd known one another for so long, I'd grown an attachment to him and him alone. *Can that really be a thing, though?* I brushed off my thoughts and pulled my blankets around me tighter, trying to ignore the throbbing that came back to my groin.

"Are you still there?" George's voice came from my phone. I'd almost forgotten we were on call still.

"Yeah, sorry. I'm just thinking." I decided to use his own excuse against him. I never knew what was going on in his brain, but I was starting to understand how great of an excuse that was. George scoffed.

"That must hurt." He used *my* words against me.

"You're such an idiot." I laughed. It was normal. It wasn't weird. *Except for the fact you literally have a boner for him*, my head kept repeating. I exhaled shakily. "Uh, what're you doing?"

"Nothing much. I was eating dinner, but then you wanted to call, so," He trailed off.

"Why are you eating so late?" I sat up, checking the time. "George, you need to eat on a better schedule." He laughed, but didn't say anything. "Why are you laughing at me--I'm serious. It's unhealthy to eat this late. What're you eating? Probably something loaded with unsaturated fats."

"You're so weird, Dream, oh my God. I'm literally eating a piece of toast."

"Toast? For dinner? That's not nearly enough." I scoffed, grabbing my laptop. "I'm going to send you a list of dinners that are easy to make--even I can make them, and that's saying something."

"Okay, *mom*. "

"I'm not your mom. I-I'm just looking out for you, dumbass." I rolled my eyes as I felt my face heat up. *Ooh someone's getting embarrassed*. I sent him a few links and closed my laptop again. "Don't eat past seven, and don't eat just toast. That's how you're going to get sick."

"No, I'll get sick by not eating at all." George pointed out. "Besides, what did you have for dinner?"

"I was going to eat a salad, actually." I said, rolling out of bed. My hard-on was still there, and it was still uncomfortable. I padded into my kitchen, grabbing a salad bowl out of the fridge and sighing. "It's dinnertime for me, so I'm in the clear. We're talking about your bad habits, George."

"*My* bad habits?" He laughed incredulously. "You literally have the worst habit of them all--sticking your nose where it doesn't belong. Me and my toast were just fine, thank you very much."

"You and your toast are going to join up in heart disease." I retorted, taking a bite of my salad and wrinkling my nose.

"See--you're so nosy. For what?" George scoffed. I grabbed some dressing, tossing my salad.

"I'm nosy because I care." I replied. "My best friend, that's you George, is *not* taking care of himself. So, I must intervene." I took another bite and hummed in delight.

"Is your salad good?"

“Yes.”

“You seem like a salad guy.” He told me.

“What the *fuck* is that supposed to mean?” I asked, my mouth full of lettuce and spinach.

“I dunno.” George lied. I could hear the smile on his lips, his amusement apparent in his voice.

“You just definitely give off salad vibes. Kind of like how you give off short boy vibes, too.”

“Short boy vibes--George!” I choked on my salad. “I will literally kill you if you *ever* say that again. I am so much taller than you. You’re like a child--literally 5’8. That’s a *kids* height. And I’m 6’3? That’s way above average. I’m above average, and you’re short.”

“See! You’re *so* defensive about your height, so that’s literal short boy vibes.” George cackled. I glared at my phone.

“I’m not defensive.”

“You so are! You just made fun of me while calling yourself above average!” George yelled, his voice coming through all static from how loud he was. I rolled my eyes.

“You’re a little bitch, George.” I took a sip of water. *Say it. End him right here, right now.*

“I am not a *little bitch*. ” He laughed. *He is a little bitch. Only little bitches choke themselves.*

“Only little bitches would say that.” I shook my head, pushing my thoughts away.

“You’re so annoying--I’m not a little bitch!” His voice got high pitched, showing he was getting annoyed and flustered. I imagined him laying on his bed, hovered over his phone while arguing with me. I could just picture his face getting pink as I called him names. My entire body went hot.

“You are. And I know this because only a little bitch would choke himself.” I said coolly.

“Dream!” George shouted in shock. I covered my mouth almost immediately. *Play it off.* “You said we’d drop it--that isn’t funny!”

“I wasn’t joking.” I deadpanned, trying to keep my cool. There was a pause.

“What?” His voice was high pitched again, and I knew his interest was piqued. I set my salad aside, grabbing my phone off the counter.

“You heard me. I said that I wasn’t joking.” I repeated, my voice showing more confidence than I felt. On the inside I was a mess. All my internal alarms were going off, telling me to stop and to turn back before I did something I’d regret.

“Stop messing around, Dream.” His voice wavered. I could tell that he was curious, but I could also tell he was nervous. I was feeling the exact same way.

“Do you not like me calling you a little bitch?” I asked, my voice dropping to a whisper. My confidence veil was starting to drop and I was getting even more nervous. George was holding his breath on the other line. I knew he was waiting for me to say something else. “What else should I call you, hmm? A slut? Whore?” He exhaled shakily and I regained my composure. *You’re destroying him.* My skin was alight and all the nerves in my body felt like they were on fire. I was so unbearably turned on, and so terribly nervous, that my body couldn’t handle itself.

“Dream,” George’s voice was semi-threatening, “what are you doing?”

“So you do prefer those names?” I scoffed, leaning into the phone.

“Stop it. Wh--Dream, answer my question.” George mumbled. I bit back a smirk. I couldn’t help it. I don’t know why this was turning me on so much, but it was and it was the best feeling ever. I was in control.

“I wanna play, Georgie.” I told him, my voice sounding a little more whiny than I’d meant it to. His breathing came through the phone, hitching at my words. “I’ll be in our discord VC, waiting for you. Join if you want, and if you don’t then I’ll know your answer.” I hung up on him quickly, my hands shaking. I exhaled shakily, scrambling over to my computer. I didn’t have a webcam set up, because I’m a faceless streamer, but I was hoping that George would join anyways. I tended to be vocal in bed, so I’m sure that would be enough for him. I sat in the VC, waiting. Five minutes passed. Nothing. My stomach was knotting up in nerves. *What if you just completely ruined your friendship with him?* I shook my head, exhaling again. I couldn’t let myself freak out. I’d put it all on the line, just because I was horny, and now I was waiting for my best friend to come jack off with me. *What is wrong with you?* I groaned and heard someone join the call. His face filled my screen and my breath hitched. He sat in his chair, naked, besides his briefs. He looked away from the screen nervously, but his face was still tinted pink from our call. “Hello, George.”

Chapter End Notes

this one is short bc cliffhanger hehe

the pinterest board for this may change over time but here it is :]

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George

I paced my room.

“What?” I asked myself aloud. Had Dream actually just said that? All of that? I blinked slowly, trying to focus on the task at hand.

“I’ll be in our discord VC, waiting for you. Join if you want, and if you don’t then I’ll know your answer.” His voice was raspy. I stared at my phone as the call ended. I leapt over to my computer, turning it on before stopping to think. Dream could be messing with me. I just told him that I liked guys, and now he was messing with me by calling me all these names and trying to get under my skin. But Dream would do that.

I took off my shirt and sat down in the chair, clicking on Discord. He was still active--still waiting for me. I clicked on our VC and it loaded, his blank screen filling my monitor.

“Hello, George.” He said quietly. I couldn’t tell if he was getting shy or if he was trying to be sexy. Either way, I felt my stomach lurch at the way he spoke my name. “You took your time loading in, I-I thought, you maybe weren’t going to come.”

“I was thinking.” I told him. I was terrified. What if this was a prank? What if Dream was about to expose me for being *gay*? I shuddered and I heard him chuckle.

“Are you cold?” His voice always comforted me, which is why I liked to have him on call all the time. I nodded. “Why don’t you warm yourself up?” My heart was racing. Was I really about to do this? I exhaled, my breath shaky.

“How?”

“Show me how you worked your hands around your neck.” His voice was demanding, and it made my bones shiver. I looked into the camera, not daring to look at myself. I trailed my fingers along my body, making myself shiver. I stopped as my right hand got to my collarbone, my fingers resting right on my throat. “Show me how you choke yourself.” I was careful to avoid the bruises, pushing against the veins in my neck lightly. My eyes fluttered shut of their own accord, a gasp of pleasure escaping from my lips as the blood rushed from my brain to my groin. I could feel my heart pick up as my breath became faster, my grip increasing. I removed my hand, my face red from the lack of oxygen as well as the pleasure I’d gotten from it. “Fuck, George, that is hotter than I imagined.” I bit back a smile. “Are you feeling warmer now?”

“Yes. I’m feeling very, um, hot, actually.” I told him, growing embarrassed from the boner. I knew he could see it from the camera angle I had set up.

“Why don’t you fix it then?” Dream suggested. I licked my lips, avoiding looking at the camera as I palmed myself through my briefs. I couldn’t believe I was doing this with my best friend on a VC

call. It was embarrassing. “Fuck,” My eyes went wide.

“Dream, are you--”

“Yes.” He responded in a breathy tone. My stomach flipped at the way he sounded. I moved my hand inside my briefs, pumping myself a few times. I bit my lips, my head lolling back as I got closer. “Mm, are you close?”

“Yeah.” I replied, using my other hand and reaching up for my throat. He’d already seen me do it, so there was no point in hiding it. I pushed on the sides of my neck, letting the feeling wash over me as my orgasm approached. “Nngh! Shit!” I groaned, thrusting my hips up out of my chair and squeezing my throat harder than I had before.

“Mmm. Fuck, George.” Dream cursed, his voice low and seductive; it almost made me hard again, the way he said my name as he came. I pulled my hands away from my body, wiping my cum soaked hand with a tissue before looking at the computer with a new wave of embarrassment. What if Dream has post-nut clarity and thinks that this was a mistake? “This was fun.”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, wanting to curl up and hide. I was waiting for the other shoe to drop--for the *but*. For Dream to say ‘This was fun...but I think I’m going to tell everyone you’re weird and we jacked off together.’ I chewed my lip.

“What’s wrong? Did--did you not like it?” Dream stammered, his confident wave from earlier gone.

“Are you not ashamed of it?” I whispered.

“What?”

“I didn’t think--I thought you were straight.” I mumbled. I was probably digging myself deeper. Dream stayed silent.

“Um, yeah. I don’t really know, right now.” He replied. I froze. That was *not* the answer I was expecting. “I don’t know. It’s a bit confusing.”

“Yeah, I know.” I agreed. I’d gone through the same thing a couple years back, around the same age as him. “So, you--just to clarify, you aren’t disgusted by what we did?” I looked away from the camera, as if doing this made him unable to see me.

“Of course I’m not disgusted, George.” Although I couldn’t see him, I could hear the way he was smiling when he said this. “Did you like it?” Did I like it? Yes. I like it way more than I cared to admit.

“Yes.” I replied. He hummed, sounding giddy.

“Good.” Dream’s voice sounded heavier than usual. I could tell he was tired, despite it only being around 6:30-7 there. I faked a yawn. “Are you tired? When’s the last time you went to bed before the morning hours?”

“I am a little tired,” I lied, I was wired awake, “and I haven’t gone to bed before 3 in a month or so.” I laughed, but he did not.

“George!” His voice was serious. “Go to bed, right now. I’m not kidding, I will never talk to you ever again if you don’t go to bed. Hang up.” My cursor hovered over the end call button.

“Good night, Dream.” I bit back a smile at his seriousness. He left the call. I was waiting. He joined back in.

“Oh my God! Hang up, you’re such an idiot! Go to sleep!” Dream yelled. “Good night.” He added quietly before hanging up again. I smiled, ending the call and going over to my dresser. I switched into a clean pair of briefs, pulling a large shirt over my bare body. I crawled into my bed, pulling my blankets up to my chin, and staring at the ceiling. Dream was insufferable, sometimes, but he was only insufferable if he cared about you. And that made me happy.

--

I laughed, trying to read the donos as they came in.

“Ooh--Sapnap this one’s for you: tell Nick he is so sexy and I want to literally marry him.” I read aloud. Sapnap rolled his eyes and scoffed, but his face grew red on Teamspeak. “You guys, I’m going to put a pause on donos because I am getting too far behind. Also if I don’t respond or don’t see it, I’m so sorry there are so many coming through right now.”

“George, can you get me a stack of cobble?” Dream asked. I sighed, bringing him some cobblestone. “Thank you. Here.” He gave my character a flower and I rolled my eyes, trying to fight back a smile. My chat started to go insane, making me smile even more. It was hard to not think about Dream and I in a sexual or romantic sense when we had millions of people ‘shipping’ us together.

“Catboy778 thank you for the dono! George should buy a maid dress!” Dream shouted over the Teamspeak, laughing. “Oh my God--I agree.”

“Dream, shut up.” I laughed, shaking my head. My chat went into a frenzy about how I *had* to get a dress now. “Guys--I am *not* buying a maid dress.” After another thirty minutes or so of messing around on the SMP, I ended my stream, listening to Dream’s as we continued to play.

“Chat, what do you think, should I just buy it and ship it to his house?” Dream asked, laughing.

“Dream, I literally have your stream going--stop conspiring. No maid dress.” I deadpanned.

“I’ll wear the maid dress.” Sapnap joked. “Me and George can be your little maid boys, Dream.”

“Don’t ever say that!” I shouted, my face going bright red at the thought.

“Look at him blushing!” Dream wheezed. I scoffed, ignoring him. “George is being a naughty maid, you know what that means.”

“Dream I literally hate you. I’m leaving.” I exited the game.

“No--George, I’m sorry!” Dream laughed, Sapnap cackling along with him. “I won’t punish you this time.”

“Oh my God.” I shook my head, earning another wheeze from him. He ended his stream about 20 minutes after that, leaving us in the Teamspeak alone again.

“On a real note, I’ll be awaiting my maid dress, Dream.” Sapnap said dully. “I want one with the cat ears and a cute little whip.”

“You are so fucking weird.” Dream laughed. “Are you guys going to watch Tommy, Tubbo, and I stream Lore tonight?”

“Yeah, as long as you don’t fucking suck.” Sapnap sighed.

“I don’t suck.” Dream scoffed.

“That’s not what George told me.” Sapnap joked.

“What?” We both said in disbelief. Sapnap’s laughter faltered.

“Get it--like you gave him a blowjob. You said ‘you don’t suck,’ and I said ‘that’s not what George said.’ As if you gave him a blowjob--me having to explain the joke doesn’t make it funny, Dream.” Sapnap groaned. “Whatever. I’m meeting some friends for lunch, so I’ll talk to you two later.” He disconnected. We were both silent.

“That was weird.” Dream muttered.

“Yeah, I thought I’d accidentally said something and got really scared.” I laughed nervously.

“What time’s Tommy’s stream?”

“8 pm your time.” He told me. “It’s like a couple hours, if you wanna talk for a bit?” I nodded, unhooking my laptop from my setup and holding it in my lap.

“Yeah--I’ll talk while I get a nutritional dinner.” I joked, walking into my kitchen. “Hmm. Guess I’ll do pasta.”

“Pasta is good. Make vegetables with it.” He said absentmindedly, making me smile. “What?”

“You’re such a weirdo, Dream.” I shook my head, setting the laptop on my counter while I began to cook. “Talk to me while I cook, I can’t think too hard or I’ll end up slicing my thumb off.”

“You’re such an idiot.” Dream laughed. “Um, ooh! I am thinking about getting Patches a new collar.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. I saw this really cute personalized one at the pet store,” He kept going on, but I zoned out. Dream had been in my life for so long, and I never really wished for anything other than a friendship. And it really wasn’t until this past year that I started to think of him as anything other than a friend. But then, when I’d start to imagine what it would be like to date him, or just, I don’t know, be with him romantically, I’d realize I’d never seen his face. I’d seen him as a child, sure, but that was about it. And I’d never seen him in person--in the six, going on seven, years we’d been friends. It was insane.

“When can I see you?” I asked suddenly. My hands froze on what they were doing, and Dream’s voice stopped mid-sentence. “Sorry.”

“No, um, you’re good.” Dream assured me. “I don’t know. Whenever, I guess.” He sounded shy.

“I--” I stopped myself. What did I want to even say to him? *‘I want to see you so I can fantasize about you more accurately’ or ‘I want to see your face because it’s been six fucking years.’*

“I-I haven’t shown you because I, um, I’m nervous, I guess.” He told me. “I don’t want you to see me. You’d be disappointed, trust me.”

“Disappointed?” I scoffed, looking over at my camera with furrowed eyebrows. “What are you going on about--I literally have gotten to know you for *six* years, Dream. Why would I flush six

years of friendship down the toilet just because of the way you look? You're absolutely stupid sometimes." I scoffed, turning away from the camera and focusing on my food. How could he go on and say that? Especially after what we did last night--I felt my face getting hot, both from the memory of last night and from getting angry with him for even *thinking* that of me.

"George, I didn't mean it like that." He interjected. "I--our whole fanbase, or whatever, thinks of me to be a god. Some gorgeous, perfect man with no flaws. That's part of the reason I'm so fucking scared to do that stupid face reveal. I know that you've probably tried to think about what I look like, hmm? And you probably imagined some handsome guy who was all, like, beefy, right?" I stayed quiet. He was right. "Yeah. I know that people are going to be disappointed when they see me. And I don't want--I'm just scared." I never thought of it that way. How could I have been so *stupid*? I stared at my uncooked pasta blankly. "This got really deep really quick, um, I'm gonna go grab myself a glass of water. Be right back." He left his phone and I exhaled.

"Shit," I raked my hand through my hair, tossing the noodles into the boiling water. I needed to say something good back, so he didn't think I was an asshole. I stared at my vegetables on the counter, chopping up a tomato carefully. I heard Dream's mic shuffle as he put his headset back on. My phone buzzed. I grabbed it.

Snapchat from Dreamyy

I looked over at the camera suspiciously, clicking on the photo he sent. He wore a grey hoodie, pulling the hoodie strings tight to make the hood cover his entire face; little tufts of dark blond hair poke out from the tiny hole, making me smile.

"Is that my merch?" I asked, still staring at the picture, which he had set to an infinite time limit.

"Yeah," I could hear him smile back at me, "you can, um, screenshot if you want. Just don't--"

"I'm not going to share it, I promise." I screenshotted and continued to look at the picture. I could tell he had fairly broad shoulders, and his hands did look large; at least much larger than mine. I couldn't help but imagine what they'd look like wrapped around my throat.

"Why are you turning pink?" Dream asked. I flinched.

"I'm not!" I argued, turning my phone off and tending to my noodles. He chuckled. "I cut up some tomatoes for this pasta, but the juice got everywhere and I don't think I want to add them anymore."

"Did you try cooking them down?"

"Why would I cook tomatoes--they're vegetables?" I scoffed.

"You can--George, what?" He wheezed. "You can *cook* vegetables." I furrowed my eyebrows.

"But tomatoes--"

"Oh my God, you're such an idiot!" He slapped his desk, and I groaned, grabbing a skillet to cook them in.

"Fine, I will *cook* the tomatoes. Cook them until they're all soggy and mush." I shuddered. "When I come to visit, you'd better not make me mashed tomatoes for a single meal."

"Oh, so you just assume I'll cook for you?" Dream scoffed and I felt my skin flush.

"I--uh, I didn't mean it like that."

"Hm. I guess I'll have to get a new apron--ooh! Or maybe, I'll buy myself a maid dress!" Dream shouted.

"Dream, I swear to God, I'll kill you."

--

A couple weeks had passed since Dream and I did our *thing* on VC. It wasn't weird between us, rather we seemed to be working together a lot better. Both in work for streaming and whatnot, and just as friends in general. Today, we had another stream planned with just Sapnap, Dream, and I to play bedwars, but that was *before* I got my Christmas package from Dream.

"Can I open it now?" I asked.

"Wait until Sapnap gets on." Dream said. "You two can open them together; I've been making him wait for a week and a half." Sapnap joined the call. "Speak of the devil, and He shall arrive." Dream chuckled. "Are you two ready for your Dream Christmas presents? Turn on your damn camera, Sap." Sapnap groaned, turning on his webcam. He and I both sat in front of our computers with the large boxes in our laps. "Begin." I cut open the top and shook my head at the custom wrapping paper.

"You are such a conceited bitch boy." Sapnap laughed, opening his first present. We all got custom Dream merch, with our character's personalized touch on it. There was one large parcel at the bottom that I hadn't gotten to, yet. I pulled it out, opening it slowly. "Oh my *fucking* God!" Sapnap screamed, rolling over in laughter. "You didn't!" My jaw dropped. A maid outfit. He seriously got us maid outfits. Sapnap's did in fact come with cat ears and a little whip, whereas mine had a choker-collar, lace panties, and some matching socks. I could feel myself turning bright red.

"George, why don't you show Sapnap your little gift."

"This is mortifying." I deadpanned, hiding the choker and other accessories behind my back to show him the dress. "I will never wear this."

"Yes you will, I've actually scheduled a Tweet to go off about a maid stream tonight." Dream chuckled. I lunged at my phone just as it began to blow up. Surely this was a joke. *Surely* Dream was joking.

"Dream!" I shouted.

"Yes, Dream!" Sapnap laughed. "I'm going to look so hot, oh my God! I'll hide the whip so we won't get banned, but I'll make sure to tell everyone I got it just to give you to spankies." He winked and I groaned into my hands. "Oh, loosen up, George!"

"There's something else in your box, George." Dream said. I exhaled, looking in the box. An envelope. I grabbed it, unfolding it slowly to reveal a paper.

Dear Mr. NotFound,

Pls come to America. Enclosed is 1 ticket. Thx - Dré.

“What?” I dropped the paper and looked up at the camera. “You’re joking.”

“What is it?” Sapnap asked, craning his neck as if that would help.

“Dream, you’re actually joking?” I checked the envelope, my heart dropping. A printed ticket for a one way trip to America at the end of December; in *literally* two weeks. “Oh my God--I’m coming to America? I get to see you?”

“What?” Sapnap shrieked. “No fair!”

“Shut up, Nick, you’re coming too! You both are invited to spend Christmas with me, and New Years, and then you may leave whenever you’d like. I figured, probably a week into January?” How was he so calm? I was freaking out. My mind was numb. My body was on fire. And not to mention I had to do a maid stream in like an hour.

“I’m going to see you?” I whispered as the two of them started to argue about something pointless. I was going to see Dream. He laughed, shaking me from my thoughts.

“George, Sapnap is going to get changed, so you should too.” I groaned, grabbing my things. I went into the bathroom, hearing my phone buzz.

Snapchat from Dreamyy

I opened the picture, staring at the snapshot of his hand resting on his keyboard gently. His hands were huge, just like I’d thought. And they were *beautiful*. I blinked slowly, exhaled shakily, and reading his actual message.

“You’d better wear all the pieces.”

I sent a picture of me flipping off the camera in the mirror, my shirt removed, and hit send. Not seconds later did he screenshot and snap a response. They say mimicry is the sincerest form of flattery, but seeing Dream copy my middle finger pose, it just made me all gooey inside *and* out.

“I’m not joking. Wear the pieces, George. I want proof ;)”

He is such a dork. I scoffed, stripping down to nothing. I stared at the black lace underwear, hesitantly pulling it over my legs. I felt weird. I stared at myself in the mirror. My legs looked strange in such a tiny piece of clothing. I touched my pale thighs, sighing. I grabbed a razor, sitting down at the tub and grabbing my shaving cream. This is what the girls do, right? I groaned, lathering my legs up and wetting the razor. It shouldn’t be too different from shaving my face. It wasn’t. Soon, my legs were silky smooth and looked stark against the black panties I wore. I grabbed my phone, taking a quick photo. I stared at the picture, growing red. This was by far the most inappropriate photo I had *ever* taken, at least with context. Sure, dick pics are more ‘inappropriate’ by nature, but here I was about to send Dream a photo of me in lace panties. I bit my lip and hit send, clenching my eyes shut and putting the phone away. I pulled the tall socks on, and then the maid dress. And finally the choker. It had a tiny little ring on the front, I’m assuming for a leash, but it squeezed my neck snugly, making me grow excited. I grabbed my phone.

Dreamyy replayed your snap!

Dreamyy took a screenshot!

Snapchat from Dreamyy

I grew embarrassed, knowing that my photo was permanently saved in his phone. I hesitated, my thumb hovering over his response. I clicked it, getting a picture of him holding his throat in

response. I felt my jaw drop, and my mind go blank. I could see the tufts of his dark blonde hair growing down the back of his neck, and the veins on his hand were showing more prominently; I think he was genuinely squeezing his neck for this photo. I exhaled shakily, reading his words.

“You look so goddamn beautiful, George.”

My heart fluttered and my eyes went wide. Beautiful? I scoffed. Who was this man? I groaned, looking at myself in the mirror. I did look nice. The stupid dress actually suited me *very* well; somehow, Dream had managed to get the sizing almost perfect. It was a bit on the short side, so my bum was almost exposed. If I were to bend over, I’m sure my arse would be completely out there. I snapped a picture of myself in the mirror, trying to show my backside a bit by hiking my leg up on the counter.

“Should I bring this thing to America?”

I taunted, hitting send. I still couldn’t believe I was talking this way to Dream. He opened it, replayed it, and it stayed on open for a moment. I grew nervous and impatient waiting for a response. The little red box couldn’t have shown up any sooner.

“Yes.”

Was all he said over a picture of his hand resting on top of a very noticeable boner. I bit my lip and swiped over to chat.

“Hmmm, we’ll see, then.”

I walked back out to my computer. Sapnap was there with his stupid cat ears on.

“George--look at us! We’re so sexy.” He laughed. “Oh my God--a choker?”

“Apparently they ran out of BDSM toys, Sapnap.” I deadpanned. He and Dream both laughed.

“Let’s get this stream started then, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

the pinterest board for this may change over time but here it is :]

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

the pinterest board for this may change over time but here it is :]

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Dream

The stream was just as you'd expect it--everyone went batshit at the sight of Sapnap and George in maid dresses.

"Do a twirl!" I shouted, wheezing as Sapnap spun around for the thousands of viewers. George was not as *vivacious* with his outfit, but he did indulge in a few of the requests. "They want to see the Chika dance--what the hell is that?" George laughed, grabbing his phone.

"Dream, you're so uncultured." He mumbled, turning on some song before standing up to do a little dance. Needless to say I was captivated. I didn't understand how George knew the dance, nor did I bother to ask, but it was *quite* the show. "Guys--I think that Dream should wear the maid dress next, hm?"

"They can't even see me!" I argued back. "It'd be pointless--unless, you wanna see me in a maid's dress, Georgie?" I hinted. The chat went wild as George dropped his jaw, just as he usually did when I flirted with him on stream, and turned pink. It was as if nothing had changed, and I was thankful for it. The stream lasted for around two hours before Sapnap had to call it quits. And I decided it would be better if George and I continued our personal conversation off of stream.

"Alright guys, thank you so much for tuning in to a very *interesting* stream. Hopefully, we'll be able to do more fun streams like this in the future. Alright, love you guys, bye!" I ended the stream and sighed, moving over to the private VC George was in. "Hello, George." I hummed, smirking at him lounging in his chair lazily. He had one of his legs propped up for his chin to rest on, exposing the back of his milky thigh; I could see the edge of the black underwear I'd sent with his outfit, making my entire body flush with warmth.

"How'd you like the stream?"

"It was very fun." I inhaled. "A little difficult to keep myself together at times," I admitted, referring to the tiny number he was wearing, "but fun."

"I bet." He looked up at the camera, his eyes seemingly staring into mine. It was a bit unnerving. "How hard are you?" My mouth was dry. *How cut and dry*. I glanced down at my pants; I was fairly hard already. The pictures he'd sent earlier had gotten me all worked up, and I didn't really have any time to calm myself down in between our call and the stream. I licked my lips, fighting back a smile from his question.

"Pretty hard." I told him. Since that first night we'd been on VC together, we hadn't really done anything *big* like that again. At first, I thought maybe it was just a one time only, but then we started exchanging steamy snaps back and forth, which made me feel more confident than I had in years. *He looks so goddamn good*. I stared at his video feed, readjusting myself in my chair. I

grabbed my phone, taking a photo of my boner through my sweats and sending it to him. I watched as he opened it, a playful glint in his eyes.

“We haven’t even started to fool around and you’re already this hard, Dream?” He teased. I scoffed.

“You were the one sending me all those photos earlier. I didn’t--I couldn’t even rub one out before the stream.” I complained.

“Aw, poor Dream.” He rolled his eyes. “What do you like about this outfit?” I looked him up and down. *Literally everything.* George looked so damn delectable. I loved the way it hugged his body, and rose up a little too short. *The best part is the tiny panties he’s wearing underneath, though.* I shook my head, trying to focus on my words.

“I like the way you look in a skirt, George.” I replied, my eyes trailing down to his bare thighs. “Your legs, they look so nice and *clean*. I bet they’d make a great canvas for hickies.” George’s face flushed pink. “And I like the way that choker sits on your tiny neck; I could loop my finger through that little clip at the front and control you so easily, I bet.” The images were flowing through my mind freely now, and I didn’t stop them. *George would look so good begging underneath me.* “And I really like those lacy underwear that you’re wearing; especially since no one else knows that you have them on besides me.” George was staring at the computer darkly, his eyes half-lidded with lust. *I bet he’d love me to choke him too. I’d pin him so easily.*

“Dream,” George whispered, nudging the skirt up ever so slightly. I swallowed, my hand inching toward my boner. *He’d probably take me so eagerly.* My dirty thoughts were running rampant, making it hard for me to form words.

“George.” I smirked, knowing that he’d be able to hear me smiling. “Do you, um, do you wanna do this again?” I had to make sure he was okay with this. Despite the way my mind was controlling me, I wanted to make sure he was okay with what we were doing.

“Yes, Dream.” George pursed his lips, trying to hide a smile. He lifted the skirt up, showing the lacy panties to me. “Do you like what you see, Dream?” *I’d like it better if they were on the floor.*

“Yes,” I whispered, palming myself through my sweats. George bit his lower lip, touching himself through the lace material gently.

“Mm, Dream.” He moaned quietly. I closed my eyes briefly, basking in the noises that he made. *I bet I could make George scream louder than he’s ever screamed.* I went back to watching George touch himself, my breath freezing as he slowly slipped out of the underwear. I swallowed thickly, pushing my hand in between the layers of my clothes and my skin.

“Fuck,” I groaned, focusing on George as he began to pump himself slowly.

“Dream,” George panted. I looked at him immediately, waiting for him to speak again. “D-do you have any lube?” I felt my face turn bright red at his question. We’d brought up the topic last week, but I didn’t know he wanted to try it on VC.

“Y-yeah.” I stammered.

“Do you want to try it?” He looked at the camera nervously. *Imagine George fingering his hole for you...* I bit my lip.

“Yeah.” George smiled and grabbed his bottle from the table.

“Just follow what I do, okay?” George told me. I hummed in response. I’d never done anything like this to myself, or had anyone do this to me. It was a bit nerve wracking. I slipped my pants and boxers off, sitting on my chair and watching George nervously. He coated two of his fingers in lube, circling his hole slowly. I watched as he gently pushed in his middle finger, grimacing at the entrance. “Mm. You go ahead, Dream.” I gulped, coating my fingers in lube. I propped my feet up on my desk and retraced George’s steps, circling my hole with my middle finger. I relaxed my body before pushing my middle finger in, and gasp escaping my lips.

“Shit,” I whispered, clenching at the foreign feeling.

“Just pump in an’ out.” George mumbled, his face splotchy. “I c-can’t wait for you too long.” I exhaled and did as he said pushing my finger in and out slowly before I got comfortable. “Add a finger, if you can.” His voice was a snappier tone now, and usually I would snap back--but right now it just made me feel all warm and hot inside. I pushed my ring finger inside, wincing at the pressure.

“George,” I groaned, clenching my eyes shut.

“I know, i-it’s weird. Just--nngh--curl them around.” George told me, moans slipping out between his words. I moved my fingers around inside, pumping them like before. It was kind of like fingering a girl, but in reverse since it was on myself.

“Mm,” I hummed, liking the pressure. I was watching George as he stroked his cock and fingered his hole simultaneously, enjoying the sounds that came from his mouth.

“Fuck me!” George whined, bucking his hips as he came. *I bet George would cry for me.* My fingers brushed against something rounded inside of me and my vision went white.

“Nngh!” I cried out, my body spasming. I didn’t cum, but it was a newfound sensation I’d never felt before. “Wh--George, what w-was that?” I panted, trying to find it again.

“Mm, you found your prostate for the first time.” He smile, wiping his cum off the dress as best as he could. “When you find it again, hit it over and over again for me.”

“Okay.” I whispered, curling my fingers up again. Sure enough, there it was. I gasped, my back arching as the sensation washed over me. “Fuck! George, oh! Mm!” Never had such pitiful whines come from my mouth. I came within seconds, my chest painted with ribbons of white.

“You know, for someone who talks so much shit, you moan like a bitch.” George retorted. I sat there, panting. I had no words. My eyes kept defocusing as I tried to think of what to say back to him.

“Yeah.” I replied, sighing.

--

I stood in the airport, my stomach burning with nerves. I was absolutely terrified. Before all of this, I would’ve been just nervous, but now that George and I had *done* things, I was just feeling all *blegh*. I wiped my palms on my jeans, looking around the airport again. No sign of him. Just the thought of having to see him in person was making me want to throw up. Not because of him--but because I was scared of how he’d react to me. What if he laughed at me? Or what if he thought it was weird that we’d done things and didn’t want to be friends and told Sapnap that I was weird? My body ran cold at the thought.

“Dream?” I spun around. There he was--the tiny little British man I’d seen in very compromising

situations this past month. I felt my cheeks heat up as he rushed forward, wrapping his arms around my torso. “You--you’re actually *very* tall, oh my God.” He laughed, spreading warmth through my chest. *This is good.*

“George,” I smiled. All my former feelings of anxiety seemed to melt away. “Um, let’s get your bags to the car--I set up the couch for you to sleep on until Sapnap gets in and then we’ll go rent an airbnb.” He nodded, following me with his two bags. It was the 23rd right now, and we’d decided that George and Sapnap would stay through the first week of January. Sapnap was getting in first thing tomorrow morning, which meant George and I had to stay in my apartment for one night. I’d spent the whole week cleaning it up. I didn’t want George to think I was a slob--so, I pretty much cleaned every space that I possibly could think of.

“Wow, I didn’t think you’d live in such a clean apartment.” George laughed, looking around. *Maybe too clean.*

“I, uh, did a little tidying up this morning.” I lied, scratching the back of my head. “You can just put your stuff here. The couch pulls out into a bed.” I told him, standing there awkwardly. George just stared at me. “What?”

“Your eyes are really pretty.” He mumbled, looking directly up at me. My throat closed up. *Say something back, stupid.* I was at a loss for words as my entire body turned to mush. My face felt hot.

“Uh,” My mouth was dry, “thank you.” I smiled shyly, trying to turn away from him. *What is wrong with you? YOU TALK SO MUCH SHIT ONLINE. FUCK HIM UNTIL HE CAN’T REMEMBER HIS NAME! CHOKE HIM LIKE HE’S IMAGINED!* “Do you want water?” I walked over to the fridge, pulling out two bottles. *Literally fuck his brains out. Look at him looking at you all innocent and shit.* I looked over my shoulder, watching him as he looked around my apartment curiously.

“Dream?” George called out. I walked over, handing him the bottle. “Are you going to cook dinner for me tonight?” *He’s doing that on purpose, the little bastard. Fuck him.*

“If you, um, if you’d like me to.” I swallowed thickly, unscrewing my water bottle. I downed the bottle quickly, trying to make the dryness go away. I didn’t know why I couldn’t control my thoughts today, but they were driving me insane. “What do you want to eat?”

“You,” George said, pausing. I choked on the water, “can make whatever you’d like.” I knew now that he was, in fact, doing what he could to make me suffer. George was messing with me--he was *teasing* me. I stared at him blankly. “What?”

“N-nothing. I’m going to make dinner.” I went into the kitchen. *Why won’t you just shut him up?* I rubbed the bridge of my nose, grabbing some pasta and beginning to cook. I knew that if George and I were to actually *do* anything it would make for a very difficult rest of the vacation. Especially with Sapnap coming. And as much as I would like to do everything I said I would do to him--I’ve never done it before. George has been with other guys, and I don’t want him to think that I’m like *bad* or anything, and it ruin what we have. I had to be the bigger person and keep our unresolved sexual tension *unresolved*. “Do you want tomatoes?”

“Yeah, that’s fine.” George replied from the living room. I began to cook down the tomatoes, trying to focus on the cooking. *He’s less than 100 feet away from you for the first time ever. And you aren’t even going to make a move?* I rolled my shoulders back, trying to rid the thoughts. They were irritating. “Can you add garlic.”

“Yeah, of course.” I walked back to the fridge, getting some minced garlic and adding in a few scoops. “Do you like oregano?”

“More of a basil type of man, personally.” George hummed. I nodded, sprinkling in the seasoning.

“Do you mind setting the table? Plates are in the cabinet to my right and silverware is in the drawer behind me.” I told him. I heard George walk into the kitchen wordlessly. I finished up the pasta, mixing the sauce in. I turned around, the pot almost slipping from my hand. “G--oh my God.” My mind went absolutely blank, and for the first time I had no other thoughts in my brain. *Pin him down and rail him into the ground.*

“Let’s eat.” George said, grinning. He pulled out my chair for me, eyeing me curiously. I exhaled shakily, setting the pot of pasta on the table.

“George,” I began, my body towering over his. My fingers were barely touching the fabric of that stupid dress--the one that I just *had* to buy. I didn’t know that I would be so *weak* at the sight of it.

“Yeah?”

“What are you wearing?”

“Oh this? You got it for me, remember! I thought you’d like if I wore it for you--” I hooked my finger through the loop on the front of his collar, causing his words to be cut off sharply. “Looks like I was right.”

“You’re such a fucking tease.” I mumbled. *Rail him.* My body was tingling.

“Yeah?” George leaned closer to my face, his breath fanning against my lips. It was dizzying. My finger slipped out of his collar and George pushed me away from him lightly, laughing. “Let’s eat, Dream, I’m hungry.” I exhaled shakily, looking down at the growing bulge in my pants. *Make him cry.* I sat down in my chair, staring across the table at George. “What?”

“I’m going to make you scream my name.” I replied as evenly as I could, taking the first bite of the pasta.

Chapter 5

George

I stared at Dream over the top of my glass, wanting to say something. But what else could I say? I knew that my actions spoke louder than anything I could tell him, and he already said the words that set my plan into motion.

“Why aren’t you eating?” Dream asked. I continued to watch his face. Maybe I had gone a bit too far. I knew that he’d never done anything with a guy before, and so I was hoping he’d be down to try a few things out. Especially considering all of the things he said he’d love to do to me over the VC and via our Snapchat correspondence.

“I am eating,” I replied, taking a bite, “see?” Dream was surprisingly good at cooking. It was his turn to watch me as I ate my pasta, meeting Dream’s eyes. He really did have the prettiest eyes; I couldn’t really tell the exact color they were but based on the shading, I assumed they were in fact a green color. His eyelashes were long and dark, which made his eyes seem all the more entrancing. I swallowed a bite of my food, inhaled deeply. “Dream?”

“Hm?” He sipped his water casually.

“Could you pass the salt?” I asked. He did.

On the plane ride here, I had a lot of time to think to myself. Around twelve hours of time, actually. And for ten of those hours, I got a solid sleep in for the first time ever--I also had yet another dirty dream of Dream. A dream of Dream, it always sounds so stupid. It was exactly like the first one, except I didn’t wake up screaming his name thankfully. For the other two hours of my flight, I suffered through my boner, only relieving myself once I landed. But as soon as I saw Dream, it was like my body couldn’t control itself. I was horny all over again. I recognized him because of the way he stood; his shoulders were broad, but he slouched over slightly--definitely from years at a computer. His dark blonde hair was unlike other Floridans, because it wasn’t lightened from the sun; Dream definitely was the type to stay indoors. And his skin was tan, but paler than I thought for someone from this region of the States. But he was *tall*. Taller than I thought 6’3 was; when I hugged him, my face was buried right against his collarbone. It was weird.

“George?” His voice was deeper in person too--like the computer somehow made his voice change, or the mic just couldn’t pick up the way he actually sounded. “Are you just going to stare at me, or are you going to answer my question?” Dream smirked.

“What?” I coughed, trying to avoid looking at him now. I never imagined that the way he smiled would’ve been so enthralling.

“I asked if you were finished?”

“Oh, yes.” I finished off my water and Dream cocked his head to the side, meeting my eyes daringly.

“Then why don’t you clean up the table?” My stomach jumped. When I first got here, Dream was acting differently than he’d been online; I knew it had to be because he was just nervous. So, I decided to make the first move and put on the dress. He seemed to like it. And with the dress came the collar, the socks, and the lace panties that Dream fawned over. And I guess that the dress was

the right move, because Dream was definitely no longer nervous. “Go on. Clean up the table, George.” I stood up, gathering our plates and taking them to his sink. I could feel Dream watching me subtly as I walked away. Was this a kink of his? I exhaled, trying my best to indulge. I put the plates in the sink, walking back to the table. I grabbed the cutlery and glasses. I let one of the forks drop, bending over directly in front of Dream to pick it up.

“Oops.” I wrapped my fingers around the fork, snapping back up. I could hear a change in Dream’s breathing. I set the items in the sink, walking back to him. “I’m do--” Dream looped his finger through the front of my collar, again, and yanked me to the floor harshly. A yelp came from my mouth as my knees smacked the ground. “Dream!” I said in surprise. He switched his hand to hold around my neck and my eyes went wide in shock.

“You’re being such a *tease*, George.” Dream scoffed, pushing very lightly against my neck. It was just enough to get the blood pumping to my lower region. I gulped, my breathing becoming heavier. “Why do you want this so badly?” His grip tightened a bit and I bit my lip softly. “Answer me, George.” I let my eyes fall down to his pants.

“I think you should be asking yourself that, Dream.” I replied cockily. Dream and I locked eyes. It was just for a second, but I felt like the whole room was spinning around us. He pulled me up to his mouth by my neck, our lips meeting in a harsh crash. I moved to straddle him, the chair creaking under both of our weights. I could feel his tongue gently poking at my lips, as if *asking* for permission, so I moved my hand to the back of his head. I entangled my fingers in his hair, pulling at the roots and earning a moan.

“Fuck,” Dream groaned, his mouth opening as he spoke. I stuck my tongue in between his lips and let him explore my mouth. Dream stood up, taking me easily with him. How he did it, I wasn’t sure, but he pushed me against the nearest wall and resumed his earlier position with his hand around my throat. We separated for a moment, our foreheads resting against one another to catch our breath. His pupils were blown out and glassed over and his lips were swollen and dark. I could tell he needed more. Dream dipped his head back down, pushing our lips together again. His hand closed around my neck, cutting off my airflow. I closed my eyes and let out a choked moan. I could tell that he liked the way it sounded by the way he began to move after that. Dream moved his mouth from mine down my jaw and towards my neck, leaving tiny kisses.

“Don’t leave bites. Sapnap.” I couldn’t say much because of his hand. Dream hummed in response, licking up my neck and nipping at my earlobe. Using my free hand, I reached down and began to palm Dream through the jeans he was wearing, making his breath shudder. “Bedroom?” Dream let me off the wall and led me to his bedroom. It was... *exactly* as I expected.

“Get on the bed.” Dream said, pulling his shirt off. I bit back a smile and climbed onto the bed. Dream crawled on top of me, kissing me again. Although he was projecting this dominating persona, I knew he was nervous because of how much he was kissing me. I tangled my hands in his hair, pulling him deeper against my mouth. I rolled us over, smirking down at his flustered face.

“What?” I asked, trailing my fingers up his bare chest. He shuddered, gulping before pulling me down for another kiss. I began to grind against him as we kissed, hoping to make him not worry as much.

“Mm,” Dream moaned into the kiss. He quickly flipped us back over, holding my hands above my head. “L-let’s take it slow?” Dream said quietly. I nodded, my face growing red; the last thing I wanted to do was make him uncomfortable. Dream bent back down, kissing me gently this time. He moved his hands off my wrists, trailing them down my thighs. “Is this okay?”

“Yes, Dream.” I whispered. He took off the tall socks, tossing them to the side and began kissing up my bare legs. I knew what he was going to do, and I knew how much I was going to like it. I felt my breath hitch as his mouth paused on the inside of my thigh. He placed a final kiss, his tongue circling the area before he began to bite gently. I hissed in pain, gripping at the sheets. Dream began to suck on the area, the pain becoming pleasurable. “Dream,” I moaned, my voice barely audible.

“I was right,” Dream’s own voice was breathy and hard to hear, “the perfect canvas.” He left a few more, making me unbearably hard. I didn’t know how much longer I could go without dealing with myself. Dream looked up at me from my thighs. “George?”

“Hm?” I hummed, not trusting my own voice. His finger was tracing the outline of those damned panties.

“How hard are you?” Dream really loved using my own words against me; I had to give him points for this one. I bit my lip, whining as he hooked his finger under the edge of the fabric. “Is this okay?”

“Yes! Yes, Dream, it’s okay!” I hurriedly said, causing Dream to chuckle.

“Oh my God, you’re so needy.” He smirked, biting his lip. “It’s kinda hot.” I was melting at his words. He was right--I was so *needy*. Dream bent down, biting the edge of the panties with his teeth and pulling them down oh-so-slightly while staring me in the face.

“Fu--Dream,” I panted. I clenched at the sheets. He pulled them lower, the head of my dick poking out now. My eyes fluttered shut, letting him pull them off completely.

“Tell me if you, um, want me to stop.” Dream told me, his fingers tracing patterns on my thighs. I nodded, my chest heaving. I needed Dream so badly. He stared at my hard-on, swallowing thickly. I could tell he was nervous. I reached out, grabbing his hand and smiling.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, Clay.” I told him reassuringly. Dream turned pink, and gave my hand a squeeze before letting go. He hesitantly bent over, licking a stripe from the bottom of my shaft to the tip. “Fuck!” I whined. Dream looked up at me, his eyes shining with pride. I guess that was all he needed as encouragement to continue on, because the next thing he did was take me whole. I gasped, my hand clamping over my mouth. “Nngh!” I cried against my hand, trying to not thrust against Dream’s mouth. He pulled off completely and looked up at me.

“Don’t worry about being quiet, I don’t care about the neighbors and I want to hear you scream.” He mumbled nonchalantly, his face flushing a new shade before going back down on me. I removed my hand.

“Can I--can I put my hands in your hair?” I asked.

“Mmhm.” Dream hummed against me and I whined, pulling at his hair gently.

“Fuck, Dream, I’m--I’m about to cum.” I told him. I wasn’t sure if he wanted me to cum in his mouth, or on him, or on me, or-- “Dream--nngh!” I clenched at his hair a little harder, my eyes screwing shut and my back arching off the bed. Dream kept going. Did he not know what to do? Dream hollowed his cheeks out before pulling off of me and I gasped at the feeling. He sat there for a moment before swallowing. “Dream, that was so good.” I mumbled, running my hands through my hair. Dream smiled nervously. I sat up, crawling over to where he sat and began to kiss him. He fell back and I straddled him, hovering over his face before we resumed.

“Wh-was there anything you didn’t like?” Dream asked cautiously.

“Nope.” I said, popping the ‘p’ before kissing him again. I moved my kissing down his jaw, careful to not leave any marks. I licked around his nipples, looking up at his face for confirmation. He was biting his lip and his eyes were blissfully closed. I began to suck gently on one of them, while flicking the other with one of my hands.

“George,” Dream gasped. I smiled, switching my mouth to the other side. Hearing Dream moan my name was like music to my ears. It was something I thought I never would have heard, and something I didn’t know I really *needed*. “Fuck.” I began kissing down the rest of stomach, pausing at his pants.

“Can I?” I asked. I didn’t want to make him uncomfortable. Dream nodded.

“Yeah.” He said. “Yes, please.” I smiled, unbuttoning the jeans and pulling them off. Next were his boxers; they were plain and blue, but that spoke to the rest of his absolutely boring apartment. I took the tip of Dream into my mouth, listening to the noises that came from his mouth intently. The little ‘oohs’ and ‘ahs’ were my favorite. It was like Dream was a virgin, though I guess in this sense, he technically was. I lowered my mouth onto him, slowly bobbing my head. “George, oh--faster, please!”

“Mm.” I hummed against him, earning another whine. It was *bliss* to hear him cry like that. For someone who literally talked so much shit about making me scream, and taking charge, Dream really did whine like a bottom. I pulled off of him. “Dream, do you--can I finger you?” Dream exhaled shakily, nodding fast.

“Yeah, um, the lube is in that drawer.” He pointed beside me. I grabbed the bottle, noticing it was *gently* used. I bit back a smile, knowing that since our VC call where I showed him how to use it properly, he must’ve done it frequently. I coated my fingers and circled his hole gently. “Oh my George--push it in!” He cried. I looked up at him, obliging. A grunt of discomfort came from Dream, but as I moved my fingers, I could tell he began to enjoy it more. I wrapped my other hand around the base of his cock and looked up at him. “F-fuck!” He groaned, thrusting into my hand.

“Use my hand like that, Dream.” I said suddenly. “While I hit your prostate, I won’t be able to wank you off, so I want you to fuck my hand like that, okay?” Dream nodded. Using the precum dripping from the tip, I coated his dick for easy lubrication. “You ready?” He nodded again and I curled my fingers inside of him. Dream gasped, thrusting against my hand.

“George!” He sounded so ethereal. I bit my lip, watching his face contort as the waves of pleasure came crashing down onto him. “Nngh! Please!” I continued to curl my fingers up and hit his prostate, watching as he desperately thrust against my hand. “Ah, ah, ah! George!” He thrust a final time, his cum exploding all over my arm and dress. “Mmgh!” Dream cried, his back lifting off the bed.

“Was that good?” I asked. Dream held a thumbs up, making me laugh. I stood up, going over to his desk to grab a few tissues and wipe up his mess. I tossed away the trash and walked out to the living room to grab some new clothes. I switched out of the cum soaked dress and into a pair of clean briefs, shorts, and a sweatshirt--the ultimate after-sex sleepwear. I walked back into Dream’s bedroom, not surprised to see him still laying in bed. I walked over to his dresser, grabbing him a new pair of boxers and sweats to sleep in. “Do you want to shower?”

“No, I’m too sleepy.” Dream mumbled. I shook my head, smiling and pulled on his boxers for him.

“Then help me put on these sweats, at least.” I pulled them over his feet and let him do the rest, pulling the blankets up over him. I turned off the lights and stood at the doorway. I wanted to stay in with him, but Dream had specifically said he wanted me to sleep in the living room before all this happened. And that was with the knowledge of us and our VC calls. I didn’t want to make him uncomfortable by waking up in the morning with me in bed with him again.

“Where are you going?” Dream asked.

“Couch?”

“No, come lay here.” I fought a smile and giddily walked over to his bed, crawling in beside him.

--

“What do you mean your flight got cancelled?” Dream asked. “Uncancel it--it’s Christmas Eve, Sapnap!”

“Literally, I know you’re in Florida, but this is the first time it’s snowed in Texas since--God knows when. Planes aren’t leaving for another *week* because of all the winter weather.” Sapnap said.

“So drive.”

“I am *not* driving 20 hours.” Sapnap deadpanned. “I’ll just come up on the 30th! That’s the day before New Years’!”

“You literally suck.” Dream complained. “George is going to drive me insane.”

“Hey!” I shouted.

“Look, what I’m thinking is,” Sapnap said, “we rent the airbnb for the 30th through the 5th. *And* we invite all our friends.”

“We don’t have any other friends.” I said confusedly.

“Shut the fuck up, George, yes we do. I bet the British child and his acolytes would love to spend the holiday here.” Sapnap retorted. “And Karl, um, Karl said that he wanted to hang out too.”

“Okay, I’ll invite everyone.” Dream said. “But if no one comes it’s on you. And I’m wearing my mask.”

“Okay! That’s cool!” Sapnap said excitedly. “I’ve got to go K--my mom is calling me!” Sapnap hung up.

“I can’t believe that he got snowed in, what a cliché.” I sighed.

“If you wanna talk about cliché’s let’s mention the fact that you and I get to spend so much alone time together.” Dream replied, his hand grazing my hip softly. I laughed, pushing him away.

“Dream, you are such a simp.”

“Wha--I am not!” Dream retorted. I laughed again, leaning close to him. Dream held his breath. I reached behind him, grabbing my phone.

“Simp.” I whispered, pulling away from him and sitting on the couch. “Are you going to text our ‘friends’ or not, because it takes time to plan something like this out, you know. I had to plan a week in advance just to come here.”

“Yeah, because you’re such a busy man.” Dream scoffed and I rolled my eyes, opening Twitter.

“I am. I had plans that I had to cancel.” I admitted. “But it was worth it, in the end.”

“Oh yeah, and why’s that?”

“Because I get to see Sapnap, of course.” I smirked and Dream tackled me, easily pinning me to the couch.

“You’re so annoying.”

“You’re more annoying.” I replied. “Literally, you’re the most annoying.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Yeah, you are.” I told him, pushing him off of me and onto the ground. “I’ve got a stream in twenty minutes, so we’ll deal with *that* later.” I pointed to his boner, making him blush.

“Don’t look at me like that!” Dream groaned.

“Like what? Like this?” I stared at him, biting my lip with half-lidded eyes. Dream stood up, walking out and I laughed. Now that we’d actually confronted our sexual tension, it wasn’t *weird*. And we could joke about it, while being sexual and friendly at the same time. It was *good*.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream

I sat on the edge of my seat, glaring at the monitor. George's face was lit up as he talked animatedly on his stream. *Who streams on Christmas Eve? Literally nobody.* I had the uneasy feeling that he was streaming just to avoid spending alone time with me. What we did last night--it was great. It was *fantastic*. 5 stars--a solid 10/10. But I was scared that George would think differently; like a post-nut clarity. I was pretty sure that him being here in person was making me think differently of myself. Like, I never had to worry about George seeing my face when I *orgasmed* but then he literally had me in the palm of his hand last night, crying like a little bitch. It's embarrassing to think about it, but if that's what George likes...

What if he doesn't want me to take charge? All I can think about is holding him down by his throat and railing him. If George doesn't like to be on the bottom, then what do I do? Do I tell him? *You just initiate and see how he reacts.* I shook my head and tried to focus on his stream. His view count was extremely low, which made sense considering it was Christmas Eve. I closed my tabs and went over to his temporary set up in my living room, standing awkwardly at the threshold. George looked up and muted himself for a moment.

"Hey," He smiled and I waved, *A wave?? What is wrong with you??* "Did you need something?"

"No, just watching." I said.

"Let me turn off my camera so you can cross and sit on the couch." George replied, unmuting.

"Hold on guys, I'm turning off my camera so Dream can cross the room." He turned off his camera and I practically skipped across the room, sitting on the couch. He turned his camera back on and continued his gameplay. George was practicing his speedrunning, which I found to be quite entertaining.

"George, behind you--" I started to say as the creeper blew him up, making his screen glow red.

"Dream, I'll kill you if you try and jump in. Shut up." George grumbled, starting another world.

"You're such an idiot." I laughed, watching him in silence. George was different in person than I would've thought. Online, he's a cute little guy--he practically oozes innocence. But as soon he got here, George had me under his thumb. I never thought I'd be the type to *submit*, especially not that easily. But the way that George handled me, it was like clockwork. I went from being terrified of messing up, to wanting him to fill me up fully. If that doesn't show the difference between his online persona and his real life one, then I don't know what does.

Not to mention that he's not as short as everyone makes fun of him for. Sure, he's way shorter than I am, but only by about a head's length. I looked up at him, clacking away on the keyboard, my head practically spinning from all the thoughts bouncing around. *His fingers look really nice.* This shocked me; here I thought *George* was the one with the hand kink, not me. I swallowed hard and continued to watch him as he hit the keyboard with his fingers, moving fast across the keys. *No wonder he was able to move inside you so expertly,* I found myself lingering on the thought a bit too long, *look at the way he moves his fingers.* I readjusted myself on the couch, getting a side glance from George.

“Sorry guys, this stream’s been pretty uneventful, I know.” George laughed, retraining his eyes on his monitor and continuing to play. I rolled off the couch trying to stay low. It would be terribly awkward if his camera picked me up--I actually don’t know what I would do if it picked me up. Probably go on Twitter and apologize? No, I’d lie and say I was grabbing something. George looked down briefly before focusing on his game. “Hold on, Dream’s asking me what I want for dinner.” George lied, taking his headset off and muting for a moment. “What are you doing, Dream?”

“Grabbing something.” I said, crawling in between his legs. We’d set up a temporary desk that I bought from Target, just putting up his PC and a few cheap monitors. I smacked my head on the desk, ducking lower. “Just be quiet, and end your stream soon.” I said quietly, trying to hide the fact I was nervous and blushing. *Look at him, so excited for you to take charge.* George pulled his headphones back on, shaking his head with a smile. “Hey guys, sorry. I’ll probably have to end in like five minutes, or so, because Dream ordered Postmates.” I unzipped his jeans, listening to the clacking on the desk above me. George was semi-soft, so I gently ran my hand over him, trying my best to get him hard. It wasn’t difficult. George took very little stimulation to get excited. I tugged off his briefs, letting them fall to the ground and stared at his hard on. It was my second time seeing him in person, and it was still daunting. I trailed my fingers gently up his legs, staring at his ankles and moving all the way up to his thighs. I could see the light marks that I’d left last night, deciding to go over them. I placed a soft kiss on one of them, looking up to see George’s reaction. He was fine--acting as if nothing was wrong. I frowned, biting down on the skin lightly and sucking to get the blood flowing to the surface. Nothing. *Make him scream on stream--let all his viewers know what you can do.* I left more kisses leading up to his shaft, placing a single kiss at the base. I heard him intake a breath-- *make him scream.* I licked a stripe up to the tip, letting my tongue swirl around his head before engulfing the top half of his hard-on.

“Fuck,” George groaned, “um, can’t believe I almost missed that jump.” George laughed, trying to cover up his mistake. But his mistake was my success. I bobbed my head slowly, working my tongue around the best I could. And I could tell I was getting to him, hearing him make tiny noise every now and then and having to cover them up by ‘singing a song’ or ‘coming up with something to say.’ It was *fun* teasing George like this. I felt him twitching in my mouth. *Make him scream.* I pulled off of him, looking up as his eyes went wide. “Yeah, alright you guys, um, Dream just told me that the Postmates is here.” George said. “Thank you guys so, *so* much for watching, I hope you have a wonderful day or evening, and Happy Holidays!” George hit the end stream button and stood up, pulling me out from under his desk. “You’re such a--”

“Shut up.” I pulled him to my lips, trying to ignore the burning in my chest. *What is that?* My sexual thoughts took a break, and now my overly concerned thoughts bombarded me all at once. *Is it a panic attack? A heart attack? Am I dying?* “Fuck,” I groaned as George began to kiss down my neck.

“I can leave marks since we don’t have to worry about Sapnap.” George smirked, sucking on my gentle skin. I hissed, pulling him deeper into my neck. George pulled my shirt up, separating from me only to pull my shirt over my head. My chest was heaving, and George rested his fingers on my skin. “Fuck, Dream, I’m literally so horny right now--hold on.” George pulled away from me. I stood up, pulling off my sweats. He was catching his breath. I had to do it now if I was going to take charge. I walked over to him, scratching the top of his head softly. I grabbed his hair roughly, pulling back gently and making him look at me. *Make him cry.* My naughty thoughts were back.

“Me too.” I whispered.

“Fuck, Dream.” George whined. I pushed George onto his knees. “C--I’m going to ask you to do something, and you totally don’t have to if you’re not comfortable with it, but I’d like you to at

least try--”

“What is it?” I asked, pulling my boxers down already.

“I want you to fuck my face.” He practically deadpanned. I stared at him, my brain firing off different signs; I was confused, but intrigued. “I’ll blow you, pretty much, but you’ll be *using* my mouth as a, um, well a fucktoy.”

“O-okay.” I swallowed, approaching him. “Do you want me to like pull your hair, or choke you?” George nodded feverishly.

“And you can, um, call me names too.” He added, crawling closer to me. “I’ll tap you like this,” He tapped my thigh rapidly, “if I need to stop.” I nodded. I had *never* done anything like this with a girl before. But the thought of doing it, especially with George, was beyond exciting. I pressed the tip of my dick to his lips, precum already leaking out. He opened his swollen lips, my erection sliding past them easily. I groaned in pleasure, letting the feeling overtake me. George moaned against me and I remembered he wanted it rough. I hesitantly reached out, grabbing a handful of his hair, making George hum against me.

“You look so good like this, slut.” *That was weird.* I mentally cursed myself. Why couldn’t I just naturally be a good dirty talker? *Make him cry. Make him scream.* I began to thrust deeper into his mouth, feeling the tip hit the back of his throat. “Mm, fuck.”

“Mmm!” George whined, sending vibrations up my shaft. I pushed him further on my cock, looking down at his face. He was already turning a new shade of pink, his eyes starting to well up with tears. It was a bit worrying, but I liked the way it looked. He looked *wrecked*. I thrust my hips forward faster, earning whimpers from George. *Call him names, he wants to be name-called.*

“Fuck,” I groaned, my eyes rolling back, “fucking take my cock, slut.” That was better, I think. “Choke on it--nngh--take it deeper, George.” George moaned again, bringing me even closer. “I’m so close--oh my God.” My voice came out a bit too whiny. I gripped his hair tightly, my stomach tightening up as I came. “Ah, fuck!” I forced George deeper onto me, feeling him tap my thigh quickly. I immediately let go of him, my eyes tearing up. “I-I’m sorry, are you okay?”

“I’m fine. I cou--couldn’t breathe.” George smiled, wiping the dribble of cum that was on his bottom lip. “That was good--that was very hot.” He laughed, brushing his hair back.

“Do you need me to--”

“No,” George blushed again, “I, um, already came.”

“How?”

“How? You literally sucked me off right to my orgasm and then hearing you moan like that--I couldn’t not touch myself.” George embarrassedly rubbed at his arm. I felt my own face flush. George was making me moan more than I ever had before, and having to admit that was a bit flustering.

“Oh.” I helped him up off the ground. “I’m, uh, sorry for interrupting your stream.”

“Do *not* be sorry.” George laughed. “That was a lot of fun, Dream, trust me. If I didn’t like it, or didn’t want it, I’d tell you.” I turned away from him smiling, feeling that tightening in my chest returning. *Okay seriously what the fuck is that?*

“I’m gonna shower, and then you can if you want?” I suggested. George nodded.

“Yeah,” He shrugged, “or we could, you know, shower together?” I kept my back turned towards him. *What? What do I do? What do I say?* My chest was growing tighter. Was I getting *nervous*? “Save water and we’ve already seen each other naked, so it won’t be awkward.”

“Sure, okay.” I shrugged, trying to play it off. *What are you doing? STOPPPPP*. I began walking towards the bathroom, George following on my heels. “No funny business, though. I’m all sexed out for a little bit.”

“Alright,” George laughed as I turned on the shower. I stepped in, letting the water rush over me. He was just looking at me. It made me feel so exposed.

“Stop staring and get in, oh my God.” I grumbled, my hair sticking to my face with the water. George wordlessly got into the shower. “D-do we, like, take turns under the water or something?”

“It’s your shower, dumbarse, so it’s up to you.”

“Well, it was your idea to share in the first place.” I replied, grabbing my shampoo. I couldn’t believe George was literally in the shower with me. I felt more naked than I ever had; I mean, he could literally see my whole ass and my limp dick. It was *mortifying*. I felt my face growing hot as I lathered my scalp.

“Pass the shampoo, Dream, don’t be a hog.” George mumbled. I had my eyes closed, trying to avoid getting the soap in my eyes, so I reached around the shelf blindly for the shampoo bottle. “To the right--your other right, oh my God.”

“George, I will literally suffocate you.”

“Is that a promise?”

“Oh--you’re such an idiot!” I laughed, still grabbing for the bottle. “Jesus where is the fucking--fuck!” I yelped as I grabbed the head of my razor. My eyes shot open, the shampoo running into my eyes. “Dammit! SHit!” I wailed, slipping. George screamed as I fell onto the floor of the shower.

“Clay? Oh my God, Clay are you alright?” He asked, his voice laced with concern. The water ran over my face, washing away the burning sensation in my eyes. “Clay! Are you--do I need to call an ambulance? 9-1-1 is the number here, correct?”

“I’m okay,” I groaned, trying to sit up. George lunged forward, pulling me to my feet. I almost slipped again, but thankfully I caught myself before I took us both down. “Um, that was absolutely humiliating.” I mumbled, laughing a little.

“C-Dream seriously, are you alright?” George’s voice was still concerned. “Oh--you’re bleeding. Your hand is bleeding, let me look.” He grabbed my wrist, looking at my hand.

“It’s just a nick, I’ll be alright.” I ripped my hand away, my face growing unbearably hot. I couldn’t believe that I fell in the shower in front of him. That’s literally the most embarrassing thing you can do in front of someone. I rinsed the rest of my shampoo out, grabbing a washcloth and quickly lathering it up with soap. *George probably thinks that you’re pathetic*. I closed my eyes, scrubbing my arms roughly. *He seemed awfully concerned, though*. I reached around grimacing as I tried to clean my back.

“Do you want me to?” I flinched at his voice. I handed George the wash cloth. “I think you hurt your back when you fell.” *No shit*. I stayed quiet, letting him finish scrubbing my back. “I just need to rinse and I’ll be done, you can go ahead and get out. Put a bandage on your ‘nick,’ Dream.”

He gave me a sharp look and I stepped out of the shower. The only bandaids I had were the stupid Minecraft ones that Drista had gotten me as a house warming gift over the summer. I wrapped the creeper inspired bandage around the side of my hand and went to get changed. "Show me." I held up my bandaged hand.

"It's fine."

"Lay on the bed." I pulled a face at him, and he crossed his arms. With a sigh, I laid on the bed. "Let me put this on your back. It will make it feel better."

"What is it?"

"You're the athlete, Dream."

"Icy hot is for muscle pain, not falling on my ass." I retorted.

"You're being a pain in *my* arse. Roll over and shut up." George snapped. I rolled over, letting him hike my shirt up. George sat on my lower back, rubbing the gel on my shoulder blades. "You get so grumpy after sex, next time I'll just cuddle you to sleep, sheesh." *Next time? Did he want to keep doing this?*

"I wasn't grumpy until I slipped--that's so embarrassing." I mumbled. George pushed into my shoulder blade and I moaned at the feeling.

"No more embarrassing than fingering yourself on camera, or crying for me as you cum." George replied smoothly, making my entire body feel as hot as my face. He really did know how to embarrass me.

"No more embarrassing than choking yourself to orgasm, or begging me to fuck your face." I shot back. George laughed, rolling off of my back and laying beside me.

"You're such a weirdo, Dream."

"Yeah, well you're an idiot." I narrowed my eyes, burying my face into the pillows so I could drift off into a nice nap.

--

dream @dreamwastaken

day 3 of being locked in an apartment with george...literally going feral

I closed out Twitter, rolling over in my bed. George had moved out to the couch some time during the night, leaving me in my room alone. As much as I relished the feeling of privacy, it did feel weird since he'd literally been on my back for the past two days. I threw the blankets off of me, hesitantly making the bed after. Just in case he and I decided to do anything later, I wanted the bed to be nice. I opened my bedroom door, looking to make sure George wasn't streaming. He wasn't even in the living room. Or the kitchen. Or the bathroom. I opened my phone and opened Snapchat, calling him on there.

"Hello?" He answered.

"Where are you?" I asked.

“Nowhere. When did you wake up?” George fired back.

“George, what? Seriously where are you?” I peeked out my window, trying to see if I could see him.

“I’ll be home in like thirty minutes, weirdo.” George hung up. I stared at my phone blankly. It was like I said earlier, I’d spent the past two days with George constantly breathing down my neck, and now it felt so *strange* to not have him around. I walked into the kitchen and opened my fridge. *Breakfast. Make him breakfast.* I grabbed the carton of eggs, a package of microwaveable bacon, and the almost expired bagels and began to make a nutritious breakfast. My thoughts drifted towards George at some point, and I couldn’t help but start to get that tight feeling in my chest again. It made me nauseous. *George really knew how to make me worry.* I plated the bacon and eggs, setting them on the table and began to toast the bagels. *What if he was lost--George literally did not know where anything was.* I put the bagels on a separate plate, setting them beside his plate and sat down at the table grumpily. I didn’t know why I was getting so worked up. George was an adult--and he was older than me. Yet here I was, acting like he couldn’t work a GPS or call me if he got lost. I heard the doorknob twist and I jumped up from my seat, glowing in embarrassment after realizing how eager I must’ve looked. George stumbled in with a large burlap bag.

“What the fuck? Where were you? Wha--what is that?” I walked over to where he was standing, eyeing the bag cautiously. “Is that a body?”

“No, oh my God!” George laughed, untying the top. My eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“A tree?”

“Merry Christmas!” George said, grinning madly. I stared at him blankly. “You literally didn’t decorate at all, and I wanted to surprise you but you decided to wake up early.” His eyes shifted over to the table. “Did you make breakfast?”

“I wasn’t sure how you liked your eggs, but yeah.” I shrugged. “I didn’t decorate because I thought we were going to be in an airbnb.” I mumbled, following him to the table.

“Hm,” George sat down, still smiling. “You know, I saw the most wonderful place by the tree garden thing--”

“Tree farm?”

“Yeah, and they said they’d be open tonight, if you wanna go?” George asked, biting into a bagel.

“The ice skating rink?” I tried to sound more enthusiastic than I was. My parents used to take Drista, my brother, and I every year when we were younger, so I was quite familiar with it. I even took my first girlfriend there, and had my first kiss.

“Yes!” George was beaming. I shook my head smiling.

“Yeah, sure we should go.” I looked up at him as he continued to eat.

“You should invite your family, too.” My stomach lurched. “I’d like to meet the famous ‘Dream fam,’ considering we’ve chatted on the phone for the past six years but just like their mysterious Clay, I’ve yet to see their faces.” I laughed, messing with a mark on the top of the table.

“I’ll ask them, I guess, but I doubt they’ll wanna hang out with us on Christmas. They probably have a party or something.” I said, grabbing my phone. It wasn’t a lie. I was still close to my family, but since I was a full adult, I didn’t *hang* with them as much as I used to when George and I

first became friends.

“Hey, do you guys have any plans tonight?”

I texted Drista, not wanting to make mom try and cancel anything if she did have something planned.

*IMessage from **Drista** :]*

“no whats up?”

“George wants to try the ice rink downtown, and would like to meet you guys while he’s in the States. Ask everyone if they’re in?”

“sure....they said ye.”

I set my phone down.

“Did they have plans?” George asked, drinking some water in between words. I shook my head.

“Nope.” I smiled tightly. *What are you going to introduce him as?* My heart sank at the thought. We were just friends. Friends who occasionally partook in sexual activities and/or flirting. Friends with benefits; obviously I couldn't tell my family that. But I also couldn't tell them we were *more* than friends. It's not like they would care, or anything, but I don't know...it would just be strange to have my best friend of six years show up and be introduced as anything more than that. *Are you more than that?* I stood up, walking over to the tree and sighing. “I’m gonna, um, put this bad boy up.” I cleared my throat, taking it out of the bag. *Are you more than friends?*

Chapter End Notes

happy valentine's day simps ;]

Chapter 7

George

I zipped up my jacket.

“Dream, will you hurry up, your mum literally said 6 o’clock and it’s 5:45.” I complained. Dream grumbled from his bedroom, walking out in jeans and a sweater. I swallowed, fighting back a smile. He looked nice. “You’re going to freeze.”

“It’s Florida.” Dream deadpanned.

“It’s 40 degrees tonight, and we’re ice skating.” I pointed out, walking past him and grabbing a jean jacket from his closet. “Put this on. And this.” I tossed a beanie at him as well. “Otherwise your ears will freeze.”

“Oh--who’s the mom friend now?” Dream poked, pulling the articles of clothes on over what he was already wearing. “You’re wearing two pairs of socks right?”

“Yes.”

“And you’re bringing a pair of gloves that I gave you?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” Dream pat my head like a dog, walking past me to get the door. I pulled a confused face before following him out of his apartment. Since I brought the tree home, it now smelled like pine needles and whatever cologne he used--which to me, was a very nice smell. Dream said he didn’t like the way the pine smelled, but I caught him sniffing at the tree while he set it up earlier.

“Buckle up, buttercup.”

“What?” I laughed, pulling the seat belt over my body.

“It’s a saying--mostly ‘cause it rhymes, but I like it.” Dream smiled, and I couldn’t help but smile back. He felt so *light* right now. Like there wasn’t anything weighing him down. It made me happy.

“You’re such a weirdo.” I shook my head, pulling out my phone and opening Snapchat. I quickly took a picture of his side profile as he pulled out of his parking spot, a grin forming on my lips. I switched to a video, wanting to capture Dream in his current state as he struggled to pull out.

“There we g--what’re you doing?” Dream asked, lunging for the camera with his free arm. I laughed, yanking it away. I hit save and turned my phone off, tucking it under my thigh. “George, delete it.”

“Why--you look so cute backing up.” I complained. “And besides, it isn’t like I’m going to be staying here forever. I need to have something to keep your image in my memory.” Dream’s face fell a bit, before he refocused on the road.

“Whatever. You’re an idiot, regardless.” He scoffed, turning on the radio.

“Yeah, yeah.” I waved my hand at him. I looked over at his free hand, which was resting on the center console. My stomach lurched, but I decided to go for it. I grabbed his hand, holding it in

mine as he drove. He barely gave it a second glance, squeezing my fingers tightly. The ice skating rink was fairly empty, considering it was Christmas. Dream looked nervous, but I figured it was because he hadn't seen his family in a while. Dream's mum had texted him that they were waiting inside for us, so once we parked I moved to unbuckle. He held my hand tightly. "Is something wrong?" I asked, looking over at him worriedly.

"No, um, I just wanted to make sure that you were ready?" Dream asked. I smiled.

"So ready." I unlaced our fingers, opening the door. I ran around to the other side, quickly opening his door so he could step out.

"Oh my God, you're such a--"

"An idiot, I know." I laughed.

"I was going to say a gentleman." Dream's face flushed and he looked away, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly. I scoffed, pushing him lightly.

"Shut up, weirdo." I rolled my eyes, and followed him towards the ice rink entrance. I didn't know what was wrong with me. Why was I the one being weird about this? "Is that them?" I asked about every group of four. Dream would just laugh and say 'no' as he looked for his family.

"There." I followed to where he was pointing, my eyes landing on a family of blonde haired people. Yep. They were all tall too. We walked over, my stomach starting to get all loopy as I realized that the shortest one, Drista, was my height. "Hey, guys." Dream hugged his parents. I stood there awkwardly at the side. *Introduce yourself, dumbarse.* I felt so strange having to say 'hi' to these people. I'd met them a million times, but all over the phone and all without seeing what they looked like. Dream's mom was gorgeous, Dream's dad was huge and terrifying, Dro (his brother) looked like a lanky basketball player, and Drista was just a beautiful young lady. I smiled. "Oh, um, this is George." I gave a short little wave.

"Hi," I said. Dream's mom engulfed me in a large hug, her height just towering me by a few inches, but her hug enveloping me as if she were Dream's size.

"It is *so* good to meet you, George." She said into my hair. She pulled away and his dad gave me a firm handshake.

"Very nice to meet you in person, George. Wish Nick could've been here, too, we could've got some great photos of you all." Ahh, although he was a bulky man, he was a photo-dad at heart.

"You still suck at Minecraft." Drista mumbled, giving me a handshake on the sly. "Dream's still pretty lucky to have a good friend, I guess." She rolled her eyes and walked off to get her skates. Dro smiled and followed her.

"That wasn't so bad." I mumbled, elbowing Dream. "Let's go get our skate on, yeah?" He scoffed, pulling me to get a pair.

"Have you ever skated?"

"Roller skated. I'm pretty good at that, too." I admitted.

"Okay, well it's totally different." He laughed. "What's your size?"

"You should know, Dream." I joked and he punched my arm. "Ow! I'm an 11 geez."

“11 and 13, please.” Dream smiled at the counter girl and waited for our shoes. “You are so annoying, oh my God. Go sit over there, I’ll bring your shoes.” I rolled my eyes at him, going to grab a seat beside Drista. I smiled awkwardly at her as I sat down. What do I even talk about with a girl her age?

“So, you and my brother? Have you kissed yet?”

“What?” I asked, choking on my spit. She grinned.

“So *have* you?” Drista laughed. “You act like I’m not friends with Tommy or like I don’t have a Tiktok--you know I see all the clips of you guys flirting on streams.”

“We, um, we do not flirt, Drista. That’s just comedy.” I informed her. “We just mess around like that. Dream and I are just friends.”

“Oh, yeah.” She made a face. “Why do you call him Dream, still? Just curious.”

“Because th-that’s what I call him. I don’t know. Why are you so inquisitive? You’re like a little questionnaire. It’s annoying.”

“So now I’m annoying? She asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh my God, you’re like a mixture of Dream and Tommy, it’s terrifying.” I rubbed the bridge of my nose.

“If you’d just answer my questions truthfully, I wouldn’t keep bugging you, you know.” She replied, finishing up her skate. “If you seriously have not kissed, just give him a little peck. My big bro deserves a little love in his life.” She mumbled, standing up and waddling off in her skates. I felt my face flush. Dream walked over.

“What were you two talking about?” He asked, sitting beside me.

“Oh, um, Tommy.” I grimaced at the topic I picked. Dream looked over at me with a glare.

“Why?” He asked, lacing up his skates expertly. It was quite entrancing.

“She said they were friends, and I said that she reminds me of him and it was annoying.” I shrugged, wanting to change the topic. “I didn’t know you were so good at lacing your skates up, Dream. How often do you come here?”

“Oh, um, not that often anymore.” He told me. “I used to come here all the time.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, with my family. And friends.” He finished his first skate, moving onto the next. “But I got busy, and I don’t have friends anymore, so.”

“You’re such a drama queen--I’m your friend. Your *best* friend.” I nudged him with my shoulder, staring at his hands as he finished his second skate. He got on his knees.

“Spread your legs,” I looked around, my eyes growing wide. “Not like that, oh my God.” Dream’s face grew a little pink. He knelt between my legs and pushed on my skates. “You’ll end up doing it wrong and breaking your ankle, so just hold still and let me lace you up.”

“Okay,” I mumbled. Dream really was a great person. I watched as he nimbly moved the lace between the little metal brackets, tightening the skate around my foot. My eyes drifted up towards

his face; his blonde hair was peeking out around the frame of his face from underneath the beanie I'd tossed him. He looked all cozy and warm, besides the fact his cheeks were a bit flushed from the wind outside.

"Next leg." Dream tapped my other foot, and I lifted it up for him. His lips were definitely coated in vaseline, or some other lip balm. It made them look so soft and definitely kissable--I couldn't think like that. Dream didn't want that. He was just experimenting and messing around with me since we were close. He could trust me, and I could trust him, so it was a great *mutual* decision. "Alright, are you ready to fall on your ass?"

"Are you ready to catch me, is the question you should be asking?" I laughed. Dream rolled his eyes. I stood up, falling immediately back down. Dream wheezed.

"This is going to be great." He pulled me up. "Okay, so you need to waddle towards the rink." I pushed him off of me.

"I can do it, Dream." I grumbled, waddling on my shaky legs. He was cracking up behind me. I looked over my shoulder to yell at him to come with me, noticing the flash on his camera. "Dream!" I shouted, going to grab it, but scared to move.

"I'm going to put that on Twitter."

"If you do, I'll literally expose you for being a bed hog." I fired back. "Help me to the ice, weirdo!" He laughed again, wrapping his arm around my lower back and guiding me towards the rink as I waddled. I grabbed a hold of the wall, stepping onto the ice. "Okay this isn't so baA--" My legs went up in the air, and my back hit the ground.

"Holy shit!" Dream skated over to me with ease. "Are you okay?" He asked, giggling.

"Oh my God, no! Help me up!" I grabbed his arms, letting Dream pull me to my feet. I clung to him for dear life. "Okay, okay. It's like, um, skating."

"Yeah? So I can let go?"

"Absolutely not." I gulped, squeezing him tighter. Dream wheezed.

"George--we're not even moving. We're going to fall."

"Dream, I hate this. Why would you do this for fun?" I asked, my face buried in his sweater.

"You're the real drama queen." Dream pried my arms off of him and pushed me away from him slowly.

"Dream." I said warningly, not moving my legs at all. He pulled out his phone, filming as he skated around me. I started to move backwards on my own, thanks to the wonderful gravity, and trying to hold the rest of my body as still as possible so I didn't fall again. "Dream! Oh my G-- Dream, please!" He laughed, putting his phone away and skating over to me.

"Take my hands, whiney bitch." He teased. I grabbed his hands tightly and Dream began to skate backwards.

"Wha-what're you doing?" I asked.

"Teaching you to skate." He replied. "Look at my legs for a second. Left-right-left-right. You do that, and then look back at me." I tried to match my feet with his, almost falling. Dream wrapped

his arm around my lower back, smiling. "Come on, stop being such a klutz."

"S-sorry." I couldn't help but let my mind wander to what Drista had said early.

"Just give him a little peck. Clay deserves a little love in his life."

Dream righted me, holding my hands again and I tried to match his feet again. This time, it worked.

"Oh my God!" I laughed, grinning madly. "I did it!"

"Yeah, you did." Dream smiled back. I continued to watch his face as we skated like this. It was like there was nothing else but he and I. The world felt like it was moving in slow motion; of course, we were still moving fairly slow, but at least I wasn't falling onto the ice. "I'm going to let you go now, okay?" He released my hands and I skated after him, probably resembling a toddler walking for the first time. "Look at you go--you're like a pro!"

"Shut up, oh my God." I felt my face heat up at him shouting. Although it was fairly empty, I could feel the stares of the people who were there.

"You're too cute." Dream shook his head, grabbing my hand and pulling me out of the rink. "I need to grab a drink, do you want anything?"

"N-no." I shook my head. He smiled and walked off. Did he call me cute? I sat down, pulling out my phone to try and seem busy. It wasn't long before Dream came back with two cups. "Dream, I said I didn't want anything."

"Yeah, but there was hot chocolate. And it's Christmas. You can't celebrate Christmas without hot chocolate." He handed me the cup, sitting next to me. "You wanna try racing next?"

"Oh, definitely." I told him, sipping the warm beverage. We spent another hour messing around on the ice. I was cold and sore. And I was struggling to get these stupid skates off. Dream had walked off to talk with his brother a little bit ago, leaving me to suffer in silence as I tried to get these torture devices off on my own. I pulled the second one off, sighing in relief and walking over to the counter. "Thanks." I handed them to her in exchange for my boots, pulling them on while I scanned for Dream. He was talking with his mom and dad. It looked intense. I walked over cautiously.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey." Dream smiled. "Um, you ready?"

"Yep."

"Alright." Dream turned back to his parents. "Well, um, Merry Christmas. It was really good seeing you guys."

"Merry Christmas, Clay." His mom said. "Merry Christmas to you as well, George."

"Thank you, to you both, too." I smiled, waving as Dream led me away. "You alright?"

"Yeah, I'm just tired. Skating wears me out. Especially when I have to keep holding your ass up the whole time." He joked. I rolled my eyes, looking around.

"You know, I had a lot of fun."

"Really?" Dream looked over at me confusedly.

“Yeah.” I nodded, stopping in my tracks. I swallowed, my heart racing. Why was I getting nervous. I looked up, remembering I’d seen it earlier when we were coming in. Dream followed my gaze, staring above us. I scoffed. “Mistletoe.” *Just give him a little peck. Nothing crazy.* Dream looked back down at me. I looked at his lips and then at his eyes, wondering if it was even okay; I mean, we were just friends, after all. Dream licked his lips, starting to lean in. I stood up on my tiptoes, my hand reaching out to grab his face. I pulled him down, meeting his mouth halfway in a soft and gentle kiss, my eyes fluttering shut as we connected. He was warm and soft, and his chapstick tasted like vanilla sugar cookies. We pulled away, both our faces painted red with the boyish embarrassment of kissing in the cold, yet neither one of us broke eye contact. Dream was so beautiful to me, and I didn’t know how to tell him. The way he was looking at me, his eyes filled with curiosity and kindness--it made my heart lurch and leap with joy. And the way that he stood, unsure of himself, yet I knew that he was fully capable of doing great things. And he was so soft, despite all the things he always said and all the jokes he’d always tell--Dream was such a soft guy. It made me all tingly and melty inside, and I didn’t know what to do with myself around him anymore.

“You’re shivering.” Dream finally said, his voice barely above a whisper. He put his arm around me, leading me towards the car. I wanted to say so much, but I couldn’t find the words. He opened the door, letting me in first before hopping in on the other side and starting it up. We both sat there in silence, waiting for it to heat up for a moment. “Do you want to get dinner?”

“Yeah.” I nodded.

“Taco Bell?”

“You know me so well, Dream.” I smiled, looking over at him and grabbing his hand comfortingly. Dream met my eyes again, smiling softly.

“You’re such an idiot.” He shook his head, pulling out of the parking space. The drive to Taco Bell and back to his apartment consisted of more silence and listening to the radio, which was perfectly fine with me. It just meant I didn’t have to say any of what I was thinking.

I sat on the couch, Dream next to me, with my Quesarito in my hand. “Why do you like this movie so much?”

“Because it’s the best ever.” I replied. “Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban is so good.”

“You’re such a dweeb.” Dream laughed. I rolled my eyes. We’d thrown up battery powered lights haphazardly around the living room, giving it a golden glow, which made the movie viewing experience all the better. On our little tree, I hung a few air fresheners I picked up at the gas station and on the top, as our ‘star’ was a little Dream cardboard cutout. It was quite the look, really. The apartment was so much more festive than it had been this morning. I finished my dinner, leaning back against Dream. He scoffed, wrapping his arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer. I hid my smile and buried my face into his chest.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream

It was so stupid.

“Clay, do you like that boy?” My dad asked, holding his hot chocolate close to his face. He, my mom, and I were watching George struggle with his skates for at least three minutes before anyone said anything. I swallowed, my heart weighing down.

“I think I do.” My voice cracked. My mom grabbed my hand, making me face them.

“Have you told him that?” She asked. I shook my head no, looking back over my shoulder and seeing him get all flustered and slam his skate into the ground. I smiled, turning back to my parents. “Are you?”

“I don’t know, mom. George is--we’re really close. And I don’t know if he feels the same.” I shrugged, scratching the back of my neck. My dad scoffed--it was a Dream family specialty--and looked down at me.

“Clay, he was practically hanging off you the entire time, and when he wasn’t he was following you around like a lost puppy.” Since when did my dad become such a nosy bastard? “Drista and Dro noticed it too.” Ahh. So that’s since when. I looked back at George, who’d successfully gotten one skate off and was working on his other one.

“I think you should say something, Clay. Before he goes home.” My mom told me, her hand still holding mine. “You don’t know when he’ll be able to visit again, and it won’t be the same online.” I hadn’t thought about that. What we were doing now was good--it was great and I liked it a lot. But George had to leave soon. It made my throat tight.

“Hey,” George said, appearing at my side with a small smile.

“Hey, um, you ready?” I asked, shooting him a smile as well.

“Yep.” George nodded, and I looked away from him back towards my parents.

“Well, uh, Merry Christmas. It was really good seeing you guys.” I told them.

“Merry Christmas, Clay.” My mom said. “Merry Christmas to you as well, George.” She looked up at me when she said that, as if telling me to make my move. I swallowed thickly, pulling at George’s shoulder gently as he bid his goodbyes.

“You alright?” He asked me.

“Yeah, I’m just tired.” I lied. “Especially when I have to keep holding your ass up the whole time.” George scoffed before looking around thoughtfully.

“You know, I had a lot of fun.”

“Really?” I asked confusedly.

"Yeah." He nodded, stopping and sighing. I paused in mid-stride, turning to face him. What was he doing? George looked up, almost absentmindedly, but I could practically see the gears turning in his head. I followed where he was looking, my mind going a million miles per second. George scoffed, trying to break the silence. "Mistletoe." I was looking at him by now, taking in the way that he looked in the cold. His cheeks were tinted red, and his lips were almost the same color. He looked really pretty. George looked down from the hanging berry, meeting my eyes before glancing down at my lips once. Make the first move, Dream. I started to lean in. George moved up on his toes, trying to make up for his lack of height, and held my face with his gloved hand. Our lips met and I swear it was like electricity popped in between us. The kiss was short and sweet, but I felt like it lasted an eternity--our lips were the only warmth in the cold Florida night. When we separated, it was like a shock to reality. George and I had kissed. I swallowed thickly and stared deeply into his eyes, wishing for more. I really liked him.

I rested my head on the pillow and sighed. *Just tell him.* I rolled over, shoving my face into my pillow and yelling.

"What did the pillow do to you?" George asked, walking into my room towel drying his hair. He wore a large hoodie over a pair of briefs, but that was it. And it made me blush. I looked up at the ceiling, sighing.

"Just wasn't giving me enough comfort." I laughed. George tossed the towel in my hamper, crawling into bed beside me. I could feel him staring at me with his eyes big. He either wanted sex, or he wanted to talk. And right now, with what I was feeling, either one was a bad idea.

"You need a haircut." George finally said. I made a face, looking over at him with confusion.

"Excuse me?"

"Your hair is getting long." He told me. "You need a haircut." I pushed him away lightly.

"You're such a jerk, oh my God." I laughed. "I liked my hair long."

"Why?"

"Because, I don't know."

"You don't look like a surfer, if that's what you're going for." George poked, still laying in the same spot. I scoffed, rolling out of bed.

"You're so hateful. I'm grabbing a water--want one?" He nodded and I walked towards the kitchen. *You should actually cut your hair.* I ruffled my hair in the mirror hanging in the living room, sighing before going to grab us drinks. *Just drop it on him--hey, Georgie-poo, I like you.* I groaned, grabbing two bottles and heading back to my room. George was scrolling on his phone, the large hoodie enveloping his tiny body. I smiled, jumping into bed beside him. "Here you go, Georgie-poo."

"Georgie-poo? That's a new one." He laughed. *Fuck, stupid mind.* I shrugged, sipping my water as nonchalantly as I could. "What do you think Sapnap's gonna think when we have all these nicknames for each other?"

"Probably that we're weird. Or that we're actually dating." George gave me the side-eye, but I ignored it. "B-but, um, fuck what he cares, right? We've got each other. Dream and George--Dreamnotfound if you like our little *ship* name from the masses."

"Oh God." George groaned, rubbing the bridge of his nose as I wheezed. "You're too much, Clay."

He'd started using my name interchangeably after we went skating a couple nights ago. I liked it.

"Yeah, yeah. Speaking of too much, what did you think of my mask for New Years?" I picked at a frayed piece of string hanging off of the edge of our blanket.

"It's gonna be weird to not be able to see your pretty face, but I think it looked neat." He told me. I bit back a smile at the compliment, looking over at what he was so interested in on his phone.

"What're you doing?"

"Snapchat. The New Years Eve chat is popping off, as Quackity would say." George mumbled. I scooted closer to him, putting my head on his chest, in between his arms so I could read the messages.

Karl: *Why can't I fly in tomorrow too? Why just Sanpan?*

Karl: **Sapnap*

Sapnap: *bc they don't want to be caught w their pants down by so many ppl.*

Sapnap: *and I'm the main person signing on the airbnb.*

TommyChild: *I'll be getting there the 31 w tubbo at 2:20--will there be transportation from the airport?*

George: *dream says yes*

Quackity: *So the big man cant type for himself??? Are you his personal typer???*

BadBoyDevil: *OMG Leave them alone, Alex.*

WILBUR: *Other british person coming in at 2:30. Tommy are you and tubbo on flight 476?*

FundyFurry: *is the airbnb going to have alc or will i have to get my own????*

George: *dream says alcohol will be provided for those of American drinking age.*

TommyChild: *yes flight 476, what seat are you?*

TommyChild: *WHAT??? I can drink at home why can't I dirnk there it's NYE?!?!?*

George: *dream says maybe if you want to drink out of a sippy cup, you can.*

TommyChild: *that's some bullshit right there*

Karl: *So to clarify, there will be more than one uber or whatever to pick us all up from the airport? Since i'm getting there at 11 i don't have to wait until 2:30 to go to the airbnb, right??*

Sapnap: *Karl i'll just come get you, dream will let me drive his car*

George: *dream says no*

Sapnap: *we'll discuss this later*

George laughed, tossing his phone to the side, and placing a soft kiss on the top of my head.

"What was that for?" I asked, smiling.

"You're all cuddly." He said, playing with my hair. I rolled over, kissing him on the lips. "Mm."

"I don't wanna cuddle." I whispered, his breath hot against my lips.

"Yeah, okay, me neither." George agreed, pulling my face back down for another kiss. I couldn't help but admire the way he held me as we made out--it was sweet and simple, but it made my insides pool with heat. *He's so perfect.* My hands trailed down his body, lifting up the edge of his hoodie.

"Can I?" I asked in between kisses. George nodded, lifting his arms up for me to take off the large swath of fabric. *So perfect.* I left a mark on his chest, looking up through my eyelashes to make eye contact as I let my tongue dance around his nipples.

“Clay, oh my--mm!” George gripped at my hair. I smirked against his skin, continuing to leave tiny marks all the way down towards his pants line. “Take them off, yeah, quickly.”

“So eager.” I mumbled, looping my fingers under the waistband of his briefs.

“Shut up.” George replied, hiding his face as I pumped him slowly. I relished in the tiny noises he made--whimpers, really, as I moved my hand as slow as I could manage. “Wha--Clay, please, faster.”

“Do you not like when I tease you?” I asked sarcastically, licking my lips as I moved closer to his shaft. I let my tongue move up from the base to the tip, circling him slowly. George gasped, grabbing at my hair roughly. I smacked him off, laughing.

“Dream!” He broke into old habits. “You’re such a fucking brat, oh my God. Give me more.” I reached over to the bedside table, coating my fingers in lube.

“Is this okay?” I asked. George nodded feverishly, signaling me to go before I pushed into his hole with two of my fingers. George groaned in pain, his body tensing up. “I-it’s okay.” I tried to reassure him. I was usually on the other end of this, so I knew what it felt like. I let him adjust before I moved them around, trying my best to scissor him and stretch him for my third finger.

“Ah--Clay!” George groaned, biting his lip. I pushed in the third finger, curling all three up to try and find his prostate. “Nngh! Fu--oh my God!” George bucked his hips as I brushed the bundle of nerves. “Clay, please! Please, oh my--shit, fuck me!” My stomach lurched. I stopped hitting his prostate, just pumping in and out of him with my fingers so he could find his bearings.

“Wh-what did you say?”

“I--you heard me.” George stammered, his face blotchy and covered with a thin layer of sweat. “Don’t make me say it again.”

“Maybe I want to hear it again--should I just finger you until you’re crying for it?” I asked. George’s chest was heaving in sync with my motions.

“Clay, please fuck me.” George said, looking directly in my eyes. We hadn’t done it before. I was terrified. Absolutely nervous. And the fact he wanted me to fuck him--it was uncharted territory. I pulled my fingers out of him and grabbed the lube.

“You’ll, um, need to tell me if I’m good or doing it wrong.” I mumbled and pulled on a condom. George sat up eagerly, grabbing the lube from my hands. He put it on his hands and smiled.

“I’ll tell you anything you need to know, Clay.” He whispered and coated me with the gel material. My eyes fluttered shut at the sensual feeling of George lathering me up just so I could *fuck* him. I nervously prodded his stretched hole with my tip and looked in his eyes; they were glossy and blown out with lust. His face was red, much like the way he looked in the cold, and he had a few baby hairs plastered to his face with sweat. I pushed in, a grunt escaping my mouth. George clenched his beautiful eyes shut, his jaw setting in pain. I stayed still, trying to focus on the fact I needed to let him adjust before doing anything; but it felt so unbelievably good. It felt better than anything I’d ever felt before. Better than any girl I’d been with, any mouth I’d had, or any hand. I exhaled shakily and George opened his eyes, nodding.

“You--fuck.” I groaned, biting my lip. “You’re so tight, George.” George whined.

“Yeah, well you’re huge.” He was panting heavily, his swollen lips parted in a mix of pain and pleasure. “Mm. Move, please!” I pulled out slightly, pushing back in with a shaky breath. *He was*

so gorgeous underneath me. My hands were on either side of his head, giving me a great view of his blotchy face as his mouth parted to let the moans escape. “Clay--nngh, more!” I indulged, thrusting a tiny bit harder. I was so scared I would hurt him.

“George,” I moaned, snapping my hips up into him. He arched his back, a high-pitched whine coming from his mouth.

“Nngh! Clay, ah, ah!” I guess I hit his prostate. I tried to repeat the process, making him cry in the same way. “I--ah, fuck--mm! I’m gonna cum, Clay, faster!” I was going to cum too. I could feel an orgasm pooling in my stomach, making my head feel hazy and cloudy. I reached for his hands, intertwining our fingers as I snapped my hips up against his. George really did look perfect, whether he was crying underneath me or struggling to stand up in a pair of stupid iceskates. *Fuck, you love him.* “Clay!”

“Ah--George!” I moaned, squeezing his hands as I came. We both exploded, almost simultaneously. I pulled out, rolling over immediately. Both our chests move in sync, heaving with our panting. “Fuck. Um, w-was that good for you?”

“Good?” George mumbled, staring at the ceiling blankly. “That was some of the best sex I think I’ve had, Clay.” I felt my face heat up at the strange compliment. George’s head lolled to the side, looking at me. He leaned in, giving me a peck on the lips before rolling back over. “I’m sleeping, g’night.”

“Goodnight, George.” I whispered, my voice choking out. *You love him.*

--

The airbnb was nice. I scoffed, looking around the building with a smug look.

“Damn, I figured Sapnap would’ve picked some podunk shack.” I retorted, carrying both me and George’s bags up to the door. He laughed. I looked back at him, his attention drawn to his phone instead of the beautiful house in front of us. I sighed, knocking on the door instead. It opened to reveal one 5’10 man with a full face beard.

“Ew, you’re uglier in person.” He joked, as I wrapped my arms around him.

“God, you’re so short.” I grumbled, patting the top of his head. Sapnap shoved me off of him, turning to George.

“Gogy!” He screamed, running at George happily. They hugged as well, and I couldn’t help but smile. George laughed, throwing his arms around the slightly taller man. “Tell me, did Dream drive you absolutely insane?”

“Absolutely.” George retorted. “Insisted that we watch Animal Planet.” I rolled my eyes, carrying our bags inside. The interior was just as pretty. The walls were either a dark oak or an accented white, which gave me country vibes; guess I wasn’t far off from the podunk ambience.

“Wow, this is so weird.” Sapnap mused, appearing at my side. “You’re a real person. I was starting to become convinced that you were like a robot, or one of those AI things like Lil Miquela.”

“You’re such a dumbass.” I rolled my eyes, pushing him away. “I’m very much real, and you both are very short.”

“You’re such an idiot.” George scoffed, rolling his eyes. I raised an eyebrow at his words. *He stole my saying...*

“I for one, think that only George should be classified as short. I’m practically 6 foot, you know. But George is just tiny.” Sapnap laughed. I joined in, causing George to drop to a straight face.

“Haha, you guys are so irrevocably hilarious--like, such comedians.” George deadpanned, walking past me to grab his bag. “Anyways what’s the sleeping situation going to be like?”

“Well since you and Dream have already been roomies for the past week, I bet you’re tired of one another--”

“I can still room with Dream, it’s okay.” George said quickly, his face showing a bit of concern. Sapnap pulled a strange face.

“Ohhhhkay then, you can room with Dream. I guess, everyone can room with whoever, but we might need to do triples to a room--let’s see. Six bedrooms. You and George. Minx and Niki, since they’re the only females--”

“Just say girls, oh my God.” George groaned.

“Tommy, Tubbo, and--uhh Jack Manifold because they’re all British and will not be drinking.” Sapnap said, grabbing his phone and typing in notes. “BBH and Skeppy, of course, and Eret, I guess. And then Schlatt, Fundy, and--”

“Let’s put Wilbur with them and see how angry he gets.” I laughed.

“Alright.” Sapnap chuckled. “And then that leaves me Big Q and Karl. Wait, how come you and George don’t have to triple up?”

“Because I’m paying for the airbnb.” I replied.

“Well, I signed.” Sapnap mumbled, sending the list to the group chat. “That works out well. And if anyone wants to opt out, they can sleep on the couch.”

“Yeah, guess that’ll be your spot when Quackity and Karl are cuddling all night long?” George laughed. Sapnap scoffed and I grinned at George. “Movie?”

“You pick.” I told him, jumping onto the couch.

“No fair--I wanna pick.” Sapnap groaned.

“Well, you don’t get that luxury.” I replied. “George was here for the past week and we’ve been watching movies, so I know his taste isn’t shit. Yours is probably terrible, so there’s no way you get to pick on our one night together.” Sapnap scoffed.

“You’re a real asshole, you know? I don’t know how George put up with you for a whole week.” Sapnap mumbled. *Because of the glorious sucking and dicking down I gave him.* I shrugged, watching George as he tried to find a movie for us to watch. His lip was caught between his teeth, giving him a look mixed between curiosity and one that I’d grown to relish during our sexual endeavours. George looked so cute. *I love him.*

Chapter End Notes

the pinterest board for this may change over time but here it is :]

<https://pin.it/6RtFago>

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

a little angsty ngl

George

“Sapnap, go get Karl already!” I shouted, checking my phone as it buzzed again. “He’s literally landing, and you said you were driving.”

“I’m going--I can’t find my cologne!” Sapnap argued. I rolled my eyes.

“That doesn’t matter, it’s just Karl. Go on.” Sapnap sighed, looking around one last time before grabbing Dream’s keys and heading out the door. I waved, hearing him shut the car door. I quickly ran up the stairs, entering our bedroom as coolly as I could. “Hey, what’re you up to?”

“Nothing much, just trying to set up these stupid monitors. What about you?” He asked, not looking up from the computer he was working on.

“Just kicked Sapnap out of the house.” I said, nodding my head expectantly. “He’s done to pick up Karl.”

“Ah, gotcha.” He continued to plug in cords. “Do you think that Karl brought his own set up? Or will I need to go and get another one?”

“I, uh, I don’t know.” I replied, licking my lips. Dream was quite oblivious whenever he wasn’t the one in need. I cleared my throat. “You know, this is probably the only time that the house will be empty for a while.”

“Yeah, it’s nice to have some peace and quiet.” Dream agreed, chuckling to himself. “There we go--look at that! Perfectly in sync.” I smiled, nodding. It had only been a day since Dream and I hadn’t done anything sexual, yet I was the one longing for it; I was the one in dire need of a fix, and I needed it *now*.

“Clay, honey,” He looked up at me, making a face at the pet name, “do you want to take a break from your computers?”

“I mean, not necessarily. It isn’t that difficult.” He shrugged, looking back down at the half-assed PC setup. I huffed. How was he not getting this? How was he not understanding?

“Clay, oh my God, I’m horny!” I shouted. Dream snorted.

“Why didn’t you just say so, you weirdo?” He stood up, pushing me lightly onto the bed. I noticed that he picked up on a bit of my language; calling people ‘weirdo’ and saying he was ‘thinking’ when he needed an excuse for anything were just two of them. Though, in retrospect, I also used some of his language and he’d definitely noticed as well. “What do you need me to do, hmm?”

“Anything--literally, just make me feel good.” I mumbled, kissing him deeply. Dream and I were doing great. The sex was great, we communicated great, and our friendship had never been better.

He stopped kissing me, moving down to my pants. "Mm, yeah." I nodded, shimmying my hips to allow him easier access to slide off my jeans. Dream chuckled heartily, making my stomach turn.

"You're so cute, oh my God." He rolled his eyes, kissing on my thighs gently. There he went calling me cute again. It made my stomach feel all fuzzy and full inside. I looked up and away from him, trying to focus on the pleasure he was giving me instead of the feeling of unrest growing inside of me. "What was with that name--honey?"

"Oh my--it was just a stupid name, choke on me already." I mumbled, my cheeks growing red. He laughed, pulling my briefs off. I started to notice our sex was getting less intense and more, well, more like love making. It made me feel nice and happy, but at the same time I knew that Dream was not looking for a relationship--especially not with me. He and I were just messing around because we trusted one another. I trusted him to not tell anyone that I was a raging homosexual, and Dream trusted me to be his first experience with a man. I'm sure I wouldn't be the last, either. The thought of Dream with someone else made me want to throw up. "O-okay, hold on, I need to stop." I mumbled, rolling away from Dream.

"Are you okay? Did I do something wrong?" He asked, his voice filled with concern. I shook my head no. "Wh-what's wrong?"

"I just--I'm not in the mood anymore, I'm sorry." I mumbled, not wanting to look at him. It was embarrassing, and it happened way too often. I always pull the same shit when I get attached to someone like this; I start to feel somewhat secure, I start to get stable footing, and then I get stuck in my thinking and rip the rug out from underneath me.

"George?" Dream sat next to me, trying to look at me. "What's wrong?" I exhaled.

"Nothing." I told him, standing up quickly. I walked over to where my clothes were strewn on the floor, pulling my briefs and jeans on quickly. Dream stayed sitting on the edge of the bed. "Dream, seriously, it's nothing." He stayed quiet. I walked around to the other side of the bed, kneeling on the floor. Dream was just staring at his hands, picking at the skin. "Clay,"

"Why--did I do something to hurt your feelings, George?" He asked. "I-I can fix it, but you need to at least tell me what so I can apologize."

"You didn't hurt my feelings." I reassured him, grabbing his hands gently. Dream pulled them away, standing up and raking his hair away from his face. I stood up as well, looking at his flushing face.

"I l--" He stopped, his eyebrows furrowing, "I like you." I just stared at his face. He was avoiding eye contact, and his cheeks were changing to a darker shade. "I've been meaning to tell you, I'm sorry." Oh. My stomach started to feel fuzzy again. Oh no. I swallowed thickly. I should say it back, right? I should tell him that I feel the same way--and that it would be okay, because we're great, right? He finally met my eyes and it was like my legs turned to jelly. Those damned eyes could make me confess anything and everything I'd ever done, and I wouldn't even be sorry about it. I licked my lips, his pretty face entrancing me the whole while. From the light freckles dotting his face to the glimmer of a hope swimming in his eyes, Dream really was perfect to me.

"I like you too, Clay." He blinked slowly, as if not registering my words. I exhaled, feeling the fuzzy feeling expand and an immense weight lift off my shoulders. I reached for his hand, our fingers interlocking loosely. "You didn't do anything wrong, I was just in my head, I'm sorry." I mumbled, looking at the floor. He wrapped his arms around me, resting his chin on the top of my head. I let him hold me, his arms squeezing me tightly. It wasn't much, really, but to me it felt like the world.

"It's okay," Dream replied, "I understand. Do you wanna talk about it?"

"Not really."

"Okay." He continued to hold me. "Did you, um--do you really mean what you said?"

"What? That I like you?" I asked, my face buried against his warm chest.

"Yeah." I could hear his heart beating rapidly; he was nervous. I pulled out of his arms, looking up at him.

"I think you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen." I told him, our hands remaining intertwined. I could see Dream's face start to change shades again. "You're absolutely perfect to me, and I--yeah, I l-like you, Clay." He leaned down, pressing his mouth against mine softly. We parted, our faces remaining inches apart.

"You're so good with words," He whispered, "th-thank you for, um, saying that." He's so beautiful. I love that about him. I just love him. *Oh my God*. My insides burned, but regardless, I smiled while ruffling his hair.

"Don't make it weird, *Dream*. We've got appearances to uphold." I laughed, pushing him back on the bed. He laughed. "Where's your mask at, speaking of?"

"Um, in my bag." I ruffled through his suitcase, pulling out the blank emoticon mask and pulling it over my face.

"How do I look?"

"Creepy--take it off." Dream laughed, pulling me onto his lap. I laughed, tugging the mask off.

"Hey, you two! We're back! Cut off whatever weird sex game you're playing upstairs!" Sappnap shouted, opening the door downstairs. I gave Dream a peck on the lips, and tossed him the mask. He shook his head, laughing, and pulled the mask on.

--

"No! Literally you guys are so stupid!" Minx shouted. "Just because I've been on like all of your Love or Hosts doesn't mean anything."

"It's alright to admit defeat, Minx." Schlatt sighed, sipping at his beer.

"No!" They started another argument, causing more laughter to ensue. I got up, walking into the kitchen where Dream sat with Fundy and Tommy. I smiled at the trio, grabbing water from the fridge.

"So, Dream," Tommy asked in his loud voice, "got yourself a lady friend?"

"Why is that your business?" Dream retorted. I tried to busy myself with the fridge, but I knew it would look suspicious.

"Just curious." Tommy sighed. "You know, Drista was telling me that you took someone on a date recently."

"Why do you talk to my sister, you weirdo?"

"We're friends. Anyways, was she cute?" Tommy pressed.

"I'm not discussing this with a child."

"Give the child a pint and he won't bug you anymore." Tommy replied. Fundy watched between the two awkwardly. I grabbed my water bottled, shutting the fridge door loudly. Tommy turned to me. "Ah! George! C'mere, big man!" I walked over, standing between Dream and Tommy. "Tell Dream that it's normal for a kid my age to indulge in an alcoholic beverage from time to time where we're from."

"I don't like that you're referring to us as one and the same, but it is rather common, Clay." I laughed. I saw Fundy and Tommy give each other a side eye glance. "What?"

"Why'd you call him that?" Fundy asked, screwing his nose up. Shit, I did, didn't I?

"I must've picked it up from spending time with his family." I was just digging myself deeper. I could see the gears turning in Tommy's tiny little child brain. "Um, Dream, just let him drink a pint right before the clock hits twelve, okay?" Dream nodded and I walked off. Tommy cheered loudly, running to grab Tubbo and Jack. I spent about an hour standing off to the side, occasionally mingling with Niki and Wilbur when they passed by me from going to the kitchen and back to Minx. Otherwise, I enjoyed just thinking.

I didn't realize how little I actually knew anyone. I was always sleeping through the big events, so I was never really involved with a lot of these people, but we were all mutuals through Dream and Sapnap. It was strange. I talked with Bad and Skeppy a little bit, but they seemed to have their own inside jokes and it seemed like I was imposing. Same thing with Karl and Alex. Eret mingled with all of them almost seamlessly, and it made me quite jealous, but here I sat all alone.

"Hey," I looked to my right. Dream sat next to me, lifting his mask slightly. "Wh-why're you all by yourself? Are you not having a good time?"

"I am!" I reassured him. The last thing I wanted was for Dream to worry about me and not have fun on his own. "You and Sapnap are just the only ones I'm, like, super close with I guess. It's weird. I'm friends with these people, but I've never talked to them. Wilbur and I have met up, but he's so different when he's around Niki and Minx. He seems a lot more bubbly, so it's different."

"I can stay with you if you want."

"No!" I said quickly. "You deserve to have fun, Dream, you've literally taken care of me for a whole week. This is your chance at a fun night, and you should take it. Besides you and I get to hang out all tonight, if you know what I mean."

"I do know what you mean." Dream chuckled. "Um, so, are we--well, do you want to kiss me?"

"Of course I want to kiss you, what kind of question is--"

"I meant for the New Years Kiss. Do you--do you wanna kiss me?" Dream rubbed the back of his neck nervously. I felt my face heat up. Dream wanted to kiss me? In front of all of our friends?

"Oh." I said. I did. I wanted that. I really did. But then he'd have to take off his mask, and they'd think he was gay, or they'd make jokes about it--I didn't want Dream to be ashamed of what we've been doing and call it all off. "D-do you want to?"

"Yeah, I do." Dream's voice was confident. "But I'm asking you."

"I don't know if that's the best idea." I replied, looking away from him. "You know how they all are--they'll joke about it, like they always do."

“Oh.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt by what they say, Clay.” I whispered. He stayed quiet. Dream opened his mouth, as if he were going to speak, but closed it and pulled his mask back down. He got up and walked off. “Cl--Dream.” I stood up, following him. I grabbed his wrist before he turned the corner into the main room. “I didn’t mean it to come out like that. I just mean--”

“You don’t want to kiss me because they’ll joke about it? It sounds like you’re the one embarrassed. Not me, George.” Dream whispered, pulling away from me and walking out to the kitchen.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream

I couldn't believe him. I shouldn't have said anything--he was only saying what he said to make me *feel better*. And now, I just made a complete fool out of myself. I poured a little bit of vodka into a red solo cup, mixing it with a lot of orange juice. *George is so beautifully ignorant when it comes to any feelings other than his own*. I put a straw in the cup, sipping through the gap between my face and the mask. This *stupid* mask. I wanted nothing more than to rip it off. But I wasn't ready for them to see me. Not just yet. Maybe tomorrow, or maybe the next day. Maybe not this trip at all.

George was making me feel okay with it all. Making me feel okay with the way I looked, and the way I really *felt* about myself. And for once was actually good--some might even say great. But George was just saying those things because I had to run my mouth and ruin it all. I groaned. *What was wrong with me?* I finished the drink, setting my cup aside. I knew my limits, and I knew that just the tiniest bit was enough to get me buzzed. I was not a drinker. I didn't really like alcohol, because of the thoughts that typically came afterwards. I'd do some crazy shit when I was drunk and the next day I'd hate myself up and down for it. I'd hate myself for days and days, sometimes weeks and months--so I just don't drink.

I stared blankly at all the people in the room. They all seemed so happy to be with one another. I was glad to have been a part of pulling them altogether, but I was sad that I wasn't as close to any of them as they were with each other. It was like what George was saying earlier. *Before he shattered your heart*. I ran a hand through my hair and grabbed a beer from the fridge. Beer before liquor, you'll get sick *but* liquor before beer--you're in the clear. I remembered the saying from my party days. I sipped at the smoky beverage, sitting next to Sapnap on the couch.

"Hey, man." Sapnap grinned. "Whoa--are you actually drinking?"

"Yep." I sighed. "If I'm letting the children have a drink, I might as well indulge too, right?" Sapnap chuckled awkwardly. It was 11:30 pm. And for the first time *ever* I was actually distraught to not have a kiss. Everyone was jokingly asking one another to be each other's kiss, making all the more anxious about it.

"Dream, you wanna be my kiss?" Sapnap asked. I laughed, holding up my beer can.

"Nah, man, I've got good 'ol Coors Lite." I pushed him away, smiling at his complaints.

"C'mon, Dream!" Sapnap whined. "Just a little smooch!"

"Absolutely not." I deadpanned. "I don't like people with beards."

"I'll literally go shave for you." Sapnap slurred, laughing at the thought of it. I shook my head and sighed.

"Shut up, you're such a weirdo." I stood up, leaving him on the couch. I wondered what George was doing. *Probably sitting all alone*. I felt empty at the thought of him sitting alone while I was surrounded by everyone. But he hurt my feelings, so shouldn't he be the one to apologize?

I'd never really been good in fights. Any time I'd had a girlfriend and we'd argue, I'd ignore her and she'd get mad at me even more and then we'd usually just have sex and it would be fine. But I can't really just go have sex with George right now. And I didn't want him to be like those girls. He was special. *I loved him*. And yet, I couldn't tell him that. It was stupid. I would tell George I loved him all the time over the phone and even when we were streaming like it was nothing--but that was before everything. Before I realized that it wasn't the platonic kind of love I was pledging to him. I didn't just love George, I was *in* love with him.

"Oh my--ten minutes everyone!" Niki shouted, as if we weren't all in the living room. *But we aren't all in the living room*. I rolled my eyes and finished my can of beer, setting it aside.

"Dream!" Tommy shouted. "Tubbo and I thank you for not being a total dick."

"Yeah, you're welcome."

"Though, I guess it was more of George who convinced you." Tommy added. "I'm not an idiot, you know. Nor am I blind. But, I'll play along."

"I have no clue what you're talking about, child." I blinked slowly. "Just say what you're thinking, or shut up."

"You're so fucking rude, holy shit." Tommy laughed. "You fancy George, hmm?"

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Oh my God--you 'love' him." Tommy did an American accent. "You two totally went on a date, and he got in good with the parents, and now he can convince you to do anything. Have you shagged yet?"

"I don't know what that means!" I shouted, my face heating up. *Am I that easy to read?* Tommy laughed, slapping his knees.

"Nothing, Dream, it means nothing. Just enjoy your alcohol." He slapped my shoulder and walked past me. *What is shagging?* I groaned. Damn British people, always fucking with my head. I wasn't sure if it was just the alcohol, or maybe the fact that even a *child* could see that I was in love with him, but I felt all weird inside. It almost felt like my chest was going to explode, but not in the good way I'd grow to accept over the past week. My love was not here, and it hurt.

With a shaky breath, I turned and faced the TV. The rest of my friends were all shouting, counting out loud as the ball dropped. *Why was I so upset by George not being by my side?* I thought as we got to five seconds. I felt someone shift behind me, making my buzzed brain uncomfortable. *Why did I feel so empty?*

"3..2..1--Happy New Years!" Everyone screamed. A pair of hands snaked around my waist, spinning me around. I'm sure, now, it was just the alcohol, but everything seemed to move in slow motion from this point on. The room seemed to spin around us as George's hand moved my mask up to the top of my head, flicking it off of my person. He stood on his tip toes, bringing my dizzy head down towards his. *George*. Our lips brushed against each other momentarily--softly and gently--before going back in for a much deeper meeting. *He was here, with me. In front of everyone*. My hands looped around his back, pulling him against my body as his hands caressed the sides of my face. It was pure bliss. I wanted nothing more in this moment, and nothing less. George was there, and he was with me. The weird feeling in my chest from earlier subsided as we pulled away.

"I'm not embarrassed, Clay." George whispered, my lips throbbing from the loss of contact. He moved his hands from my face and down to my hands, intertwining our fingers softly. I sighed in content. *George was here.*

"Um--excuse me, what the *fuck* just happened there?" Sapnap shouted from his position on the couch. I smiled, still staring at George's pretty face. "Hello? Did I miss something? Why is no one else seeing this?"

"Sapnap leave them alone, oh my gosh." Bad laughed.

"I knew it!" Tommy shouted from the other side of the living room. "I told Tubbo, and Tubbo said--he said 'no way, there's no way, we'd know it!' But I knew it!" I rolled my eyes, squeezing his hands gently.

"I'm not embarrassed, either, George." I whispered, a smile still plastered on my face. The initial high of our New Years Kiss wore down, and I realized just how long we'd been standing there, with me swaying on my feet. "C-can I get you anything to drink? I, um, may have *indulged* in a couple."

"No, I'm alright." George chuckled. "Let's just sit down and enjoy the company, hm?" I nodded, letting him guide me to the couch beside Sapnap. He was just watching us in confusion.

"When did this happen?" Sapnap asked, his face filled with thought. I could see the gears turning to no avail. "Like--obviously when I couldn't fly out. But, what the fuck? Why didn't you guys tell me?"

"Because it wasn't like that until now." I mumbled, peeking over at George who was talking with Karl. "Honest to God, Sapnap, we were just having sex and stuff."

"Oh Christ, please don't tell me any of that--it's like hearing my brother is having sex with my best friend." Sapnap groaned.

"Sorry," I laughed at his reaction, "but I really, *really* like him, dude." I said, my face buzzing. "He's just so *good*, I don't know."

"You're such a fuckin' simp, oh my God." Sapnap giggled, trying to sit up. I rolled my eyes. "So, are you guys like *dating*? Or just still, er, fuckin' and suckin'?"

"Don't say it like that, ew." I cringed. "I, um, don't know." I looked back at him again, smiling at the way he talked animatedly. "We haven't got that far yet."

The rest of the night/morning went by fast. Everyone was either plastered or was taking care of someone who was, so the party was over by 2 a.m. I was feeling the regret of drinking, especially with the immediate effects in combination with my ADHD. *This is why you don't drink, you dumb fuck.* It was like the thoughts in my brain were switched and scrambled. The usual and rational voice was shoved far back, and the one that would tell me crazy things was really loud and I wanted to listen.

"Alright, let's get you to bed." George grumbled.

"I'm literally not drunk, George." I told him. "Just buzzed." I was telling the truth. But even the tiniest bit of alcohol was enough to push my low-tolerance overboard; it was strange, how much of a lightweight I was considering large of a person I was. But I blamed it on genetics, not drinking often, and having a susceptible brain.

“Yeah, okay.” George, pulled me by my hand, leading me up to our bedroom. Most everyone was asleep by now, but George and I had stayed up to clean the living room a little. It was a boring task, but a chore that needed to be done nonetheless. “Are you sleeping in those clothes?”

“Mm, yeah.” I grumbled, jumping into the bed. George laughed, slipping out of his jeans and joining me.

“I’m sorry for hurting your feelings, Clay.” He whispered. My chest was alight at the apology. I wrapped my arms around his tiny frame. “I didn’t want them to make fun of us, and you get upset and leave me. It was selfish, and I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.” I replied, patting the top of his head comfortingly. “S-so you meant what you said earlier?”

“Every word.”

“I love you, George.” I whispered

Alcohol, when consumed by a person with ADHD can amplify its effects. Whether it be making me lose focus more easily, making me hyperfocus, or just making me more impulsive. That’s the main reason why I like to steer clear of drinking. In this case, I can’t help but focus on anything other than the thoughts in my head--screaming at me about George being the most beautiful person on the planet; yelling about how he’s so kind, and warm, and undeniably perfect. But I also feel terribly impulsive; I just want to do anything that comes to mind. If I think about touching George, I have to touch George. If I think about kissing George, I *have* to kiss George. If I think about loving George, I have to tell George I love him. And that’s where I’m at. *I love George. I’m in love with him. I’m so in love with him it hurts.*

The thoughts in my head were terrifyingly loud, but as soon as I said those four words, everything was dead silent. *I love you, George.* He cuddled closer against my chest, and I knew he could hear my heart beating rapidly. I *knew* he could hear the way I was freaking out, waiting for him to say something. *Say something.* I held him closer, my body deflating in defeat. It was a risk, and an impulsive one at that. But it felt good to get it off my chest.

“I love you too, weirdo.” George mumbled, a trace of smile in his words.

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The last thing I wanted was to get out of bed. His warmth was pulling me in, making it terribly difficult to wake up.

“Clay,” George grumbled, shoving me off of him, “you’re literally so annoying. Get off.” I chuckled, throwing my leg over him again. He fidgeted against me, squirming underneath. “I can feel your boner, and I’m not going to suck you off when everyone’s awake.”

“George,” I groaned, “I-I’m suffering.”

“Go suffer elsewhere.” He mumbled. I groaned again, rolling off of him. “Shut up, weirdo. You’ve made me get up.” He swung his legs off the bed and walked over to his suitcase, pulling on a pair of basketball shorts. “There’s a coffee maker, right?”

“Of course.” I scoffed, following George downstairs. It was still pretty dead; no one had come down yet. George was trying to figure out how to work the Keurig, so I came up behind him with my arms around his waist. “Hi, honey.” I whispered, leaning down in his ear. I could feel George shudder underneath me, but he continued to mess with the machine. I pressed a soft kiss on his

neck.

“Clay, oh my God.” George whispered, looking around nervously. I spun him around, looking into his eyes deeply.

“Can I please kiss you, George?”

“Yeah, okay.” George whispered. I tilted my head down, our lips meeting in a swift moment. It was a bit frenzied, unlike our more recent kisses. I hadn’t realized it, but George and I hadn’t done anything sexual for awhile now. And I could tell it was getting to us both. My hands trailed down his body, gripping his thighs roughly. “Fuck,” I lifted him up, placing him on the counter and continuing to kiss him. *His hands were cold*, I thought as he trailed them between my shirt and my chest. I could feel my erection becoming painfully hard, a reminder that morning wood was nothing to be trifled with. I moved my mouth down his neck--

“AH!” I separated from George immediately, dropping to the ground. “They’re having sex on the kitchen counter!” The voice belonged to Tubbo, who was covering his eyes. George was wiping his mouth of the excess slobber and I felt my face heating up.

“Shh, shh!” I jumped up, charging at the younger boy. *He was almost 18 now--so I bet I could take him if needed...* “Listen, we weren’t, um, having sex.”

“It looked like it!”

“We weren’t!” I argued. “We were kissing, oh my--Tubbo, please don’t tell anyone.”

“You think I want to relive this moment--it’s like walking in on my parents, holy shit!” He blinked slowly. “I want to burn my eyes--burn them.”

“Tha-that’s a bit dramatic,” I mumbled.

“Just don’t go kissin’ anywhere you’d like now that you’re, like, an official couple, oh my God. Just ‘cause you paid for the house does not mean you should just snog wherever you’d like.” Tubbo grumbled, kicking at the floor with furrowed eyebrows. Was he *lecturing* me?

“O-okay.” I picked at my fingernails. “Don’t tell Tommy. I will literally kill you if he hears of this, keep that in mind.”

“Yeah, o-okay.” Tubbo scurried away and I turned to George who was biting back laughter.

“I can’t believe we just got lectured by a teenager.” He giggled, hopping off the counter and finishing his coffee. “And I can’t believe you were ready to go in the kitchen, that’s so dirty of you.”

“You were literally all over me!” I argued.

“Yeah, but you’re the one with the noticeable boner.” George scoffed, walking past me with his mug. I looked down, my face growing even more red. Especially knowing that the poor child saw it when we were talking about how George and I were ‘just kissing.’ “Anyways, we can deal with that tonight if you want.”

“Really?” I asked, trying to not let myself sound as excited as I was.

“Yes, you deserve a little love in your life, Dreamy.” He smiled at his words, sipping his drink slowly. “Also, you know that Tubbo is definitely going to tell Tommy, right?”

“Yeah,” I groaned, sitting next to George while he drank his morning drink.

Chapter End Notes

check out da pinterest board for the vibes of their relationship, including some cute little gogy pics and art i like of dnf :D

<https://pin.it/3q9LwZz>

(copy and paste it silly gooses)

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George

During the day, Florida wasn't that cold. I mean, I always thought that this state was scorching all year round, but the past week and a half had proven me wrong. It worked in my favor, during the nights where the thermostat dropped beneath 70 degrees, because Dream would cuddle up beside me like a little kitten--it was the cutest thing--but during the day it was more of a nuisance. I preferred the warm weather, so the brisk wind that encouraged me to wear a sweater was a rough start to my New Year.

"George!" I spun around, my coffee cup almost dropping from my hand. Dream had left me at some point, probably to go rub one out, but I decided to walk around the airbnb. I hadn't looked around much when we first got here, and yesterday I was a bit preoccupied with getting everyone else set up or trying to make sure that Dream wasn't angry with me.

"Hey, Nihachu." I smiled. She bounded over, wrapping the white jacket she wore around her tightly. "Why're you up so early? Are you not a bit jet-lagged?"

"A little," She shrugged, looking out at the lawn, "but Minx actually is a loud snorer."

"Oh," I laughed a little.

"Yeah," Niki was one of the few people here who I could just sit and *enjoy* their presence. She wasn't overwhelming, or insisted that we do something wild. It was nice to have someone like that around every now and then. "Did you hear Tubbo screaming this morning?"

"Huh?"

"I didn't really hear what he said, but I heard him scream." She began worriedly. "I asked him if something had happened, but all he said was: 'you don't want to know, Niki, trust me.'"

"Oh, I must've been outside when it happened." I mumbled, feeling my face start to heat up. Getting caught by Tubbo was absolutely mortifying. Dream 'handled' it, but I was going to have to look that kid in the face and know that he knows that we were making out and that Dream popped a boner. "H-how are you liking your trip so far?"

"Oh, it's been great." She gushed. "Everyone's actually not that bad. Eret and I are getting along pretty well. I do wish I had a New Years kiss, though."

"Ahh." I nodded. I could tell where she was steering this conversation. She was doing it respectfully, and with room for me to shut her down if I wanted--and I was surprisingly comfortable with it. "You're wondering about Dream and me?" I looked over at her in my peripheral vision. Niki was just looking around at the sky.

"Not particularly, but I was curious if you guys are actually a thing. Or if the kiss was just a kiss?"

"We're a thing." I told her. I wasn't sure why it came out so quickly, like I had to defend myself. "We, um, we've been talking, I guess, for a while now. And then when I came over for the holidays, it just took off."

“Ah,” She nodded, “Minx was awfully jealous that she wouldn’t get her shot with you, you know.”

“Oh, that’s just Minx being Minx.” I laughed. “And besides, I’m gay, so.” Niki looked over at me with raised eyebrows.

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” Why had I said that? I didn’t know, but it didn’t scare me like it did before--the thought of coming out to people. Maybe it was because I had someone--because I had *Dream* there with me. I couldn’t really fathom the idea that Niki was the second person to know that I was gay, but I was glad. She understood better than anyone what it was like to be left behind, and she and I had talked about it time and time again. So, I knew that Niki was a friend I could trust. “I’m going to go find Dream,”

“It was nice talking to you, George.” She said pleasantly, a smile playing her lips. I smiled, walking off. A few people had started to wake up, straggling in the kitchen to make themselves breakfast and coffee. Bad was making toaster waffles, while Skeppy read off some Tweets to him; Fundy and Wilbur were both messing around with the coffee machine, trying to get it to produce the caffeinated liquid; Jack was looking in the fridge and Schlatt was in the freezer right above him; and Quackity was sipping a beer lazily while munching on a Poptart. It was pure chaos. I set my cup in the sink, walking upstairs silently. I walked towards me and Dream’s room, knocking quietly.

“Come in!” Dream called out. I pushed open the door, peeking in slowly. “Hey,” He was sitting at his computer, grinding away at some code. I smiled, shutting the door behind me.

“Whatcha’ doing?”

“Working. I’m officially off work.”

“You’re lame.” I groaned, laying back on the bed. He laughed, typing away in silence. “I came out to Niki.” Dream turned around in his chair.

“You did?” I nodded. He walked over to me, pulling me up to stand. “I’m proud of you, George.” I hummed, hugging him softly. “Is it--do you only feel like you have to because of me?”

“No!” I said immediately, pulling away from Dream. “Not at all. I actually, um, feel better about telling people because of you. You were the first person I told, and you handled it so well. And now I have you as someone I can rely on, you know, if things get shaky.”

“So, I’m like your boyfriend?” Dream asked, a smirk dancing on his lips. I felt my heart flutter at the word. What was I? A teenager in love? It sure felt like it. Everything he did made me fall in love all over again, and it was hopeless.

“Do you want to be?”

“Yeah, I-I do.” Dream replied, his smirk fading into a genuine smile. I grabbed at his fingers, intertwining our hands gently. “Will you do the honors of being my boyfriend, George?”

“Oh my God, you’re such a weirdo.” I groaned. “But yes, I will be your boyfriend.” Dream laughed, kissing the top of my head.

“Then how about we have boyfriend sex?” He asked hopefully. I groaned.

“Fine, but go lock the door.” Dream gasped, jumping away from me giddily and locking the

bedroom door. "You're such a weirdo."

"But I'm *your* weirdo." He reminded me.

"Yes, you are. You're my weirdo, Clay." I whispered, pulling him to the bed. I kissed his lips softly. "Since we haven't done anything in awhile, I've got a lot saved up--you know?"

"I do--I know way too well." Dream replied enthusiastically. He was such a dork. I smiled, shaking my head.

"So, lose your clothes and lay back on the bed. I'm going to grab the lube." I rolled off the bed and over to my suitcase. I wanted to make sure that the lube was close when I needed it, so I didn't have to break the foreplay just to grab it. I pulled my shirt over my head, folding it next to my pants and briefs. On the bed, Dream was struggling to get unclothed. Dream was usually quite the speedster when it came to getting undressed--but because of how excited he was, he was fumbling with the knot in his sweats. "Do you need help?"

"No, I've got it." He reassured me, yanking the fabric down to his ankles. He tossed them to the floor, along with his boxers and stared at me expectantly. He always looked so pretty waiting for me to touch him.

I crawled back onto the bed and placed a kiss on his lips. His lips were warm, in comparison to the cold room surrounding us. I'm sure the thermostat was below 70. Dream's hands were roaming my bare back, tracing the outline of my body with his cold fingertips.

"George," He whispered in between our sloppy kisses; I could tell that he was getting desperate for my touch. The way that Dream was craving me must've been insane compared to the way I was needing him.

"I know it'll be hard for you, Dreamy, but do be quiet. Everyone's starting to wake up." I whispered, moving my mouth to his neck. "No marks here, don't want anyone to get the wrong idea." I mumbled, pressing a soft kiss before moving further downwards. Maybe I should leave some on his chest? Make new bites over the fading ones from our last time together? No, I wanted to do something different. I looked up at him, knowing I was flirting with danger. I kept moving lower, my eyes level with his hardon. I left a kiss on his leaking tip before moving to his thighs.

"Please, don--don't tease me." He whispered harshly. I smiled against his skin, letting my breath fan across his smooth skin. I licked the inner portion of his thigh, getting terribly close to his hole, and watching as Dream grasped at the blankets. I closed my lips around a part of his skin, nipping at the pristine 'canvas' as he had called it once, and making my first mark. I looked up through my eyelashes, spotting Dream move one of his hands to cover his mouth. It was a sight I didn't think I'd like--seeing him force himself to be silent, I mean. But I did like it. A lot. I made another mark, and then another--going on until the insides of his thighs were littered with tiny red and pink marks. "George, p-please, I can't." He whispered in between his fingers. I smirked, my fingers circling the sensitive marks gently.

"You're so needy." I loved this feeling--being in charge. I grabbed the lube, coating my fingers generously before pushing the first two digits into Dream's hole. His hand clutched at his face helplessly, trying his best to say quiet. All I could hear was the heavy breathing escaping from his person, and that was powerful enough. "You know, I wonder if I could make you cum just from hitting your prostate?" Dream's eyes went wide as I curled my fingers upward, searching for the familiar bundle of nerves. I didn't want to make him cry, but I did want to make him writhe in pleasure. My fingers brushed against the spot I'd grown to know and love, making Dream whine against his hand. "Shh," I reminded him, smiling at his whimpers. I hit it again, rubbing against it

slowly this time. I could see the pleasure cross Dream's face--his eyes were blown out with lust, his cheeks were a lot darker than they were before, and I could tell he was genuinely trying to stay quiet. I curled my fingers rapidly this time, hitting his prostate three times in a row; I knew that getting it hit in an unexpected rhythm was far more pleasurable. Dream looked like he was about to break. I went to curl again when Dream pushed me away.

I furrowed my eyebrows, but the look of confusion was quickly wiped off my face when he pinned me to the bed. His heavy breathing fanned across my face, and I could feel his precum dripping onto my thighs. Wordlessly, Dream trailed his hands up my body, sending a chill up my spine. What was he doing? One of his hands resting gently on my throat, my eyes widening in shock. It wasn't that I was surprised he was doing it, it was the manner in which he was holding me; Dream applied no pressure whatsoever, rather he just laid his hand there. With his other hand, he lightly caressed my face, coming up to my mouth. It was my turn to breathe heavily--I was unbelievably turned on. His thumb played with my bottom lip softly, making my entire mouth feel like it was alight. His eyes were staring holes into mine, and I could see the lust swimming circles around his head. He slowly pushed his thumb in my mouth.

"Suck." Dream commanded. My dick twitched at his voice. What was this? What the fuck? I closed my lips around his thumb, letting him thrust his thumb slowly in and out of my mouth while caressing the side of my face. "I know it'll be hard for you, George, but do be quiet. Everyone's starting to wake up." I hated when he used my words against me, especially in situations like this. He pulled his thumb out of my mouth and brought it down to my leaking tip, rubbing slowly circles on the head. I bit my lip, still staring in his eyes. I didn't want to be the first to break eye contact. Then I felt it; Dream had started to tighten his grip around my throat. It was the tiniest difference, but I felt it and it made my brain go insane. I swallowed thickly and inhaled shakily.

"Please," I whispered, "more." Dream looked down at me, a mixture of nerves and pride washing over his face. "I-I need you to do more, Clay." It was embarrassing how much his stupid hand affected me. Dream let go of me completely, grabbing for the lube.

"C-can we go all the way?" He asked. I nodded eagerly, and Dream grinned like an idiot. Although my head was hazy because of what we were doing--I couldn't help but admire the way he looked when he smiled like that. He was just so adorable. But adorable or not, Dream was about to wreck me. I could feel him pressing in slowly, my hands wrapping around his neck for support. "Sh-shit, okay." I loved when Dream would get into the dominating persona, but it was super cute when he would accidentally fall out of it in the middle because he forgot, I don't know, it just made my heart flutter.

"I'm good," I mumbled into his shoulder. Dream nodded, trying to adjust himself and 'switch' back to the dominating feel of it. He hand one hand on the bed next to me and the other on my throat--the perfect combination. He began to move in and out at a terribly slow pace and I felt a moan slip past my lips.

"Shh, be quiet." I bit my lip to stay silent. "Good boy." My insides burned with the praise. "You're so tight," I wanted nothing more than to scream his name, but instead I just clawed at his back and panted to relieve the pleasure. "Mm." He was starting to speed up. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling me tighter onto his body, earning a groan from the both of us. "You're such a little slut, George." It was that that pushed me over. I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Fuck, go faster." I moaned. Dream smirked, plunging deeper into me. He moved his free hand over my mouth and squeezed tightly around my throat. I was getting close. "Nng--mm." I could only make muffled sounds, but I knew that Dream enjoyed every last one of them.

Dream came first, exploding inside of me. He pulled out immediately, the sweat plastering his hair to his skin, and went down on my dick. His mouth was heavenly. I grabbed at his hair, holding back my moans as I released into his mouth. My thighs were shaking with pleasure, by the time we were done and they wouldn't stop. It was strange. He swallowed, pulling off of me.

"Fuck," He panted, laying on the bed, "if that's boyfriend sex can we be boyfriends forever?" I laughed, playing with his hair. Dream was just so perfect.

--

I'd been pushing off the thoughts of leaving for so long. I didn't want to think about having to leave Dream. But it was January 5th--and my flight left in thirty minutes. Dream was in front of me, towering my body like it was nothing, and trying to say his goodbyes without sounding like a total sap.

"Um," He blinked intensely. I knew he wanted to cry. There was no way he didn't. I wanted to cry. But I didn't want to make Dream cry. "I guess I'll see you later?"

"Oh my God, that's terrible." I complained. Dream laughed, wrapping his arms around me. "You're really shit at this."

"I know." He mumbled. "Can I just hold you instead?"

"Yeah."

His heartbeat was slow, and his chest was warm. He smelled of vanilla and pine--that little Christmas tree I'd bought had transferred its smell onto all our belongings, and Dream complained about it nonstop. I was going to miss his whining; the way that he would complain about the cold, and cuddle up next to me immediately after, or the way he'd grump about me being an idiot. I would miss it. Sure, he'd probably say the same things on the phone, but it wouldn't be the same--I wouldn't get to see his pretty face change from that all-serious scowl to his puppy grin as soon as I told him yes to sex, or that I loved him. I wouldn't get to run my fingers through his hair or give him kisses anytime I wanted; I would have to wait until God knows when. It was painful to think. I pulled away from Dream, my chest heavy.

"I should probably get going." My voice was tight. I was one second away from a meltdown, and he knew it. Dream nodded. I turned away from him, grabbing my suitcases. Dream's hand held my wrist, spinning me around. His lips were so warm. I felt the wetness on his cheeks before I saw it, and I knew that Dream was crying. I clenched my eyes shut, not wanting to let my floodgates open. I dropped my things, pulling him into my arms deeply as our lips moved together. Dream was so perfect for me. I pulled away, his breathing shaky. He sniffled, looking at the ground.

"You--you better call me when you land, okay?" I nodded, walking away from him with my luggage in tow. I couldn't look. It would break me.

The plane was cold, and made for the worst place to cry. But it was the only place I could cry without Dream seeing me. 12 hours back home was a lot longer than I remembered--it was because it was 12 hours away from Dream.

London was rainy, as usual, and really set the mood for my trip home. My mum had told me she wanted to pick me up and hear all about my trip, so I told her to get me an hour after I actually landed; I needed time to calm down and ground myself. I grabbed my phone, calling Dream. He'd want to know I landed.

*"You've reached Clay, sorry I can't come to the phone right now, I'm probably banging your mom--ow, George!" *beep**

"Um, hey, Clay," I laughed lightly at the message, remembering when he tried to record it, "I just landed. You're probably napping, honestly. You'd better not be banging my mum, or we'll have some issues. Um, call me when you wake up. I-yeah." I turned off my phone and sighed. The airport was actually nice, and had a food court for those needing to refuel after their flights. Their pasta was always good, but it wasn't as good as Dream's. It had only been two weeks, but it felt so weird to be back here. I didn't miss it at all. I opened my phone, checking Twitter for any interesting news.

sapnap @sapnapalt

I hate happy couples smh

|

karl :) @KarlJacobs_

What the honk

|

quackity4k @quackity4k

shutcho bitchass up

|

TommyInnit @tommyinnit

that's because you're a lonely bitch. and i stادن by that.

I rolled my eyes, closing my phone. I didn't even realize how much time had gone by just scrolling through Twitter; my mum was probably on her way by now. I grabbed my things and made my way to the front of the airport. I exhaled slowly. I wasn't going to break down in front of her, rather I would tell her about Dream. I wanted to tell her that I was happy, and that he made me happy. And that I loved him.

"George!" I turned to the side confusedly, my eyes landing on the familiar blonde haired boy. Dream. He ran over to me, wrapping his arms around me tightly.

"Wha-what the fuck?" I mumbled, my body limp in his grip. He laughed and I felt the tears start to well up in my eyes. I'd been doing so well to hold it back. "What're you doing here? I'm--what?"

"I saw you crying, George." His voice cracked. "Through the window of the plane--I saw you crying and they wouldn't let me on to give you a hug."

"So you bought a fucking plane ticket?" I asked incredulously, pulling away from him. "Are you stupid?"

"Stupid for you, maybe." He laughed again. "George, I love you so much, you know that? I couldn't just let you leave. I-I bought the ticket for the next flight to London, which was thirty minutes after yours. And it was a super tiny plane, so I thought I would drop out of the sky at any given time, but I'm here. I'm here for you, with you, and I'm--I just love you so, so much."

"You don't have any luggage--what were you thinking?" I was in shock. He did this for me?

"What about Patches? Oh my God--Dream, I'm going to kill you."

"Shut up and let me show my love, idiot." He complained. My lip was wobbling. I'd yet to break down, but it was coming up. "George, are you about to cry?"

"No."

“Honey,” He said sweetly, wrapping his arms around me. My heart felt like it would burst. The floodgates opened, and I let him hold me as I cried into his chest. “I called my parents to take care of Patches while I’m gone, and I told Sapnap to clean up the airbnb and make sure it was ready for sign out. Everything’s handled.”

“I love you, stop.” I whined, kissing him despite the salty tears running down my face. Dream smiled into the kiss, cradling my face softly. He really was the perfect person for me.

“The only thing that isn’t handled is that I have to meet your parents,” Dream told me.
“Specifically your dad.”

“Why my dad?” I scoffed.

“Because I wanna be boyfriends forever, idiot.” My heart leapt with joy. “Don’t you want that hot boyfriend sex for the rest of your life?” I laughed, slapping his chest.

“Only if it's with you.” Dream grinned, pecking my lips.

“Then it’s settled--be my forever boyfriend, and I’ll be yours?”

“Of course, Clay.” I pressed my lips against his once more, letting the happiness spread through my whole body.

Chapter End Notes

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